

The Best Cop in America on
the Trouble with Cops

Russell Banks's
New Story

Esquire

JUNE 2000

WHAT HIS BEST

Let's Do the Numbers

153 Things
a Man
Should Know...About Sex

The
Return
of the
'80s

1 Movie Star (See Photo)
We've Loved Forever
By Mike Sager

The Last
Great
Tennis
Players
4

SPECIAL REPORT

400

Men Will Die
Breast Cancer

Diane
Lane,
a Nearly
Perfect
Storm

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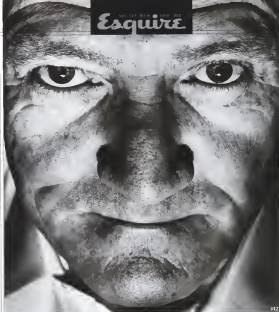
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
ON THE COVER: Photographed exclusively for Esquire by Matthew Rosenberg

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDREW BRUCE

JUNE 2006 ESQUIRE 7



The ultimate
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76 Music Steve Nieve was the country crooner whose life seemed like one big car crash. Now he's finally slowing down and making the best music of his career. The Index: Springsteen on tour. **BY SCOTT BARN**

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[Style] Swish, twirl, sing, lounge, and sunbath: proper advice for seaside lounging. **The Guide**, www.esq.com. Exploring the decade that fashion forgot, with a little help from a few musical legends, including David Byrne, Debbie Harry, and Bryan Ferry. **Welcome to the '80s**, page.151

For 151 cocktail recipes—plus hangover cures and 56 things a man should know about drinking—visit Esquire's new drinks database at esquiremag.com/drinking

Clarify Menon
 gets dressed for
 rehearsal on page
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ABOUT FIVE YEARS AGO, just after the second trial of the cops who arrested Rodney King, I spent a night in the company of two LAPD SWAT officers. We drove around Watts that night, and their goal was to make it appear as if there was a greater police presence on the streets than there actually was. There were shockingly few cops around that night, either on the streets or in the precinct houses. What I witnessed was a police force in crisis, a force estranged from and in fear of the people it was sworn to protect and serve.

I don't know whether B. A. ever recovered from that period, but it's certainly been thrown back into crisis by the police scandals that have been unfolding over the last few months. Lastly, all over the country, we have all been faced to reassess the delicate balance that is police work, the balance between service and power. And we have been compelled to ask the question: At what price safe streets? New York, after looking the nation in the mid-1980s with brilliant, innovative policing techniques and the corresponding plummet in every crime category, now, with the recent killings of several unarmed black men by police (and some rather reckless local politicians), seems at times on the verge of being run apart. On page 112, Iona Jarrod writes about a cop named John Timoney, the police commissioner of Philadelphia ("The Last Cop at Carnegie"), and in so doing considers what is at the heart of our police officers and whether we should ever have to choose between safety and civil rights.

A few years ago, I also spent some time with Andre Agassi. Every once in a while, Andre would be asked to reflect on the fact that he and Pete Sampras and Jim Courier and Michael Chang have been associated, and playing one another, for more than three years. He'd always deflect affection, though, with some kind of joke. At one "Talk, I've seen Michael around ever since he came up to bat on me." And he'd play, with that excellent timing of his, while he indicated the middle of his chest.

"Come on think of it, he still comes up to bat on me."

Tennis players, even more than some modern athletes, see themselves as independent contractors. And this generation of tennis players, with their enormous endorsement deals and their private planes, are immune to ideas of athlete dependency. As a result, as far as we and the ATP Tour can tell, these four men, bound by age and association, have never been photographed together. So, in what may be the last season in which all of these players are active, we take a moment (on page 110) to review the accomplishments of America's greatest generation of tennis

Tennis Anyone?



players and racers, in which, that there are the last great male tennis players America will produce for quite some time.

I'd also like to take a moment to share some news and to congratulate five of our writers. In late March, we learned that Esquire had been nominated for five National Magazine Awards, the magazine world's highest honors.

Michael Parenti, one of our writers at large, was nominated for Feature Writing for his story a hour Thomas Mann, from our September 1999 issue. Mike did a beautiful job, capturing the rise of Mann's life and the rise of the hotel he left behind in the lives of Roger Jackson, Ron Giverty, Carolyn Plante, and, perhaps from the response, thousands of our readers.

Richard Dooling was nominated in the Personal Service category for his "Jury of an Immortal Man," from our May 1999 issue, his brilliantly imagined account of how new life-extension techniques may create our future life experiences.

Donald Voigt, a language contributing editor, was nominated for his amazing profile of Nick Nolte in the October issue, a story like none I have ever read.

Tom Caron was nominated in the Reviews and Criticism category for his monthly column, The Screen, in which he regularly looks at the current and classic about television and the movies, but only for the best of us.

And in the category of Essays, Nisidhy was recognized for his extraordinary story about his son, "The Blood Runs Like a River Through My Dreams," from last June's issue. The essay was Nisidhy's first published work and will soon be the centerpiece of a new book due out from Ploughshares in the fall.

It's pure joy to be able to publish such stories, all of which can be found at upcoming conferences. —David Greiger

Ching, Agassi, Sampras, and Courier together for the first—and probably the last—time





Celebrity Redefined

April's cover asked the question "What's on Heather Graham's Mind?" Now that we've all had a little time to reflect on what Bill Zehme found, we turn the question to you.

Bill Zehme has taken a step in the right direction from that of reading about how women want to be when it comes to uncovering the true selves of beautiful actresses. It makes them read like rackety hard-boiled. Zehme questions the reality of things and impress enough good-modernism to be fully honest with the reader. He's got the right idea.

JONATHAN ZEY BERMAN
Durham, Calif.

Zehme's superior and convincing profile of the very thing that the rest of the world (Heather Graham was an extremely powerful mind. It was disarming and hard to follow. (Note the amazing paradoxes.) And this disapproving reader was left wondering why Zehme didn't apologize to us at the beginning of his article instead of the end. (It would have helped.)

CORREY J. LYONS
San Ramon, Calif.

Is This a Western Reform?
Who's responsible for the freedoms that enabled the government's Supplemental Security Income program? No one's willing to take the credit or the blame, but one thing remains certain—Marcus Stephens and thousands of other children suffered because of it ("The Line of Big Government Is Over," April).

Charles F. Peters's article on Marcus Stephens is a triumph. It's a story the major publications should have done long ago, and it desperately needs to be circulated widely. I thank you for giving it and extend to Marcus's grandparents and family my deepest sympathy for their unspeakable loss. Their lack of becomes inspires me.

JAY M. QUALLEY
Roy, Minnesota, Ala.

Your chronicler touched me. I was touched by the story, by the excellent writing, by your courage, by your research, but mostly by your choice of subject—Marcus, a little boy buried in a cemetery from which you cannot see even the lights of the city. I am ashamed of my country, which punishes and less caring.

ROY L. FERRARO
Chicago, Ill.

Just finished reading Peters's story. I was angry, I was sad, and then I blew up. It was one of the most powerful and painful stories I've ever read. I want to college on a Bill Gates and a student loan. While most of the loan is paid off, I'm almost sorry I paid back a government that allows this evil shit to happen, a government, nation, and culture that has a place for the likes of Bob Woodward, News Channel, Chris Wallace, et al. Thank you, Eugene,

for challenging my eyes and reminding me to keep up the fight against those evil, ignorant, swollen boards.

BRUCE M. SACHSEN
Portland, Maine

Editor's note: After reading Peter's article, Senator Kent Conrad of North Dakota and Representative Robert T. Matsen of California disseminated the story to all members of Congress under a "Dear Colleague" letter.

The Daily Show

John Daly's personal life (his treatment for alcoholism, his subsequent return to drinking, his gambling habits) has generated as much interest as his professional life (he "I" was at the PGA Championship, he was at St. Andrews, he just finished a week in "John Daly, Happy at Last" (April), Tom Chaffin wanted to know the same thing as all of us: Can the new him control

The thing that is interesting about John Daly is not whether he's going to stop or not, but how many times he drinks or whiskey and then Coke he doesn't drink, it's not even how much he gambles or smokes, and it's definitely not the chocolate grapes. The thing that's interesting about John Daly is how he hits a golf ball. He is going to win a quarter time? I don't know. You proved the question, and it's a good one, but then you didn't bother to give us anything to go on. If you ever get to spend some time with Daly again, maybe you should try something that might seem unorthodox. Ask him some questions.

CORY GUARDIA
Council Bluffs, Iowa

John Daly, the most famous head lizard of all, is a red-

ACQUA DI GIÒ FOR MEN



GIORGIO ARMANI

Dayton's/Hudson's/Marshall Field's



STYLISH DESIGN

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They succeeded. And, like anyone who's
experienced a bit of success, they got a taste
for some of the finer things.
Maybe that's why they designed their new
car line to be faster, roomier, more luxurious
and, yes, more expensive.
But not too expensive. Because, like we said,
that company's name is Saturn.



WHEN GENTLEMAN JACK ASKED

"WHAT MAKES THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN?"

YOU HAD MORE THAN A FEW IDEAS...

WE LIVE IN UNCIVILIZED TIMES, *indeed*.

Good men are hard to find, perhaps. *Clearly* they can be visible in great, heroic acts of times gone by, but Gentleman Jack believes things of the past. So, apparently, do many of you who responded to our challenge to describe an act or deed of a true gentleman.

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MR. JASPER
NEWTON
"JACK" DANIEL

Mr. Jack embodies the uniquely American notion of gentleness—a far cry from its European origin as "a man of noble birth." In the truly democratic spirit of America, a gentleman is marked not by who he is, but what he is. Some notable examples:

"The gentleman does not needlessly remind an offender of a wrong he may have committed. He forgives, forgets, and stresses for that nobleness of self and nobleness of character which impart sufficient strength to let the past be but the past."

—GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE

"It seems to me that if a man has just, merciful, and kindly instincts he would be a gentleman, for he would need nothing else in this world."

—MAZZE TWAIN

"We remember that an original gentleman, who, if manners had not existed, would have invented them."

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON

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"You invite her up to see your collections...and meet it."

—OLIVER COOK,
SEVERLY, MA

"A first-class passenger on an overbooked flight conspicuously offering his seat to a pregnant woman in coach."

—DAVID ROYMAN
CHICSTERFIELD, MO

THE WINNER

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RED BANK, NJ

"It's not just opening a door. Or standing when she's being seated. Being a true gentleman is more than any one act or deed. It's a way of life based on consideration."

HONORABLE MENTIONS

"For a man to remain totally cool and in love with his wife while puberty and menopause converge on his household."

—WILLIAM R. GENDRYC
ANN ARBOR, MI

"He has the power to act, but never flaunts it. He treats everyone he meets with equal respect."

—ALLEN DANIEL,
ST. LOUIS, MO

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Words on Fire

COMING MEMORIAL DAY WEEKEND IS A SPECIAL ISSUE OF ESQUIRE AVAILABLE FIRST ON YOUR PORTABLE HANDHELD COMPUTER



Before you travel this summer, load your PalmPilot, Rocket eBook, or SoftBook Reader with a special edition of the July reading issue of Esquire: Fire, Air, and Water—three epic stories of man versus nature from SEAN PLYNN, MICHAEL PATERNITE, and DUCKY McMAHON. Plus, a new story of war by TIM O'BRIEN. And as a bonus for e-book readers: Esquire's guide to the BEST NEW BOOKS (e* and otherwise) of summer 2000.

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Ten Things



Prepare for Takeoff

BILL FISCHER, HE'S A TRAVEL AGENT, much like your travel agent. Except Bill Fischer has an online phone number, demands that you provide references, and charges a \$10,000 fee. For all that, you get a man who once flew from Nevada to the Hamptons to deliver auditions for Stephenie Meyer's Jack Russell novel, persuaded a Polar Skooter handler to knock down walls because a client wanted his two-bedroom suite were a three-bedroom suite, and enjoyed the head waiter at London's Lansborough hotel to quit his job to jump on a couple on their three-month honeymoon. If Chances are excellent that you don't qualify for Bill Fischer's ministrations. That's why we're here, with wandering wisdom from those die-hard rambling man: Ryan Van Berlicom, London-based author for the Lonely Planet guides, Rudy Marrs, host of the National Public Radio show *The Savage Traveler*, and my pal Frank, an insurance exec, United Frontier Executive member, and accomplished travel Diarist. Their counsel will smooth your journeys, albeit not as well as, say, Bill Fischer. Your dog goes out, that's your problem.

—TED ALLEN

1. Photograph the opening page of your passport and the contents of your wallet just the Blockbuster card. Know one day in your suitcase is no one's business.

2. Dress up. A hint need to get attention while you're wearing a sport coat gives a lot further than a last word in a military uniform suit.

3. If you're checking bag, splash in the two bucks for the skipper and proceed directly to the gate. You'll find

lower incense in both sides of the country than in that long line at the check-in area.

4. You're usually to go up, she'll sit in the first-class cabin, and then down to the first-class lounge. This is an arrival at the airport. What you might not know is that you can't have to be in business class to use the first-class lounge. Many airlines simply charge an annual fee to join (around \$1,000, for example, runs about \$400, regardless of frequent-flyer or cabin status).

5. Carry a copy of your airline's timetable and some quick alternatives on other airlines. If all goes to hell, you'll know what to do before anyone else.

6. Where all does need go to, but, don't watch him at the gate to his hotel. Effectively skip time by flying out your oil phone and making the return or your travel agent book you on the first available flight.

7. In aircraft with two aisles (e.g., 747 or 777) to book a seat

seat in the center section. The middle seats of the center section are the best to be assigned, so they'll be given to you. You'll have to sit next to someone.

8. The skipper will come and give you a long line at the baggage claim, so you'll have to sit next to someone.

9. If you need to change the return of a discounted ticket, never pay to do it before departing on the trip as the airline may try to tack on a much higher fee. If you call the airline after you've already taken your outbound flight, they'll typically charge only a nominal fee.

5.4 Average number of bags the American Express traveler takes per year

10. 5.4 tickets are overbooked, especially when you have a paper ticket. The only downside to a paper ticket is the prospect of being bumped—how many air-line tickets have you lost in your life? A paper ticket is a very nice thing to have if you need to be re-booked on a different airline in the event of equipment failure or employee no-shows or whatever. Sport coat and a paper ticket. Hell, they might even let you sit in the cockpit.

Rule No. 73: The only things stiffer than the names of hair salons are the names people

give their coats. (We draw your attention to the inordinate

number of speedboats called West Dream.)

Rule No. 74: There is no harm in the pillow butter sandwich.

ILLUSTRATION BY TIM DOWD

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Reading

You Gonna Eat That?

There are few places where the adage "Don't eat where you eat" is followed so closely as in a restaurant kitchen. Unlike their food, industry gossip is not unusual for chefs to be fit for the public consumption, but not even like *True Blood*, the executive chef has been the most at ease. And these were the days before cable made chefs famous. What do you think of celebrity chefs like Emeril, Bobby Flay, and Mario Batali? Mario's cool. He makes me as a line cook. That's the highest compliment you could pay a chef, by the way—to call him a good cook. Bobby Flay? A motherfucking hero. But if he's doing what he's doing in 100 years, I'll consider him a hero. Emeril is the best chef I've consumed with. I mean, I can't eat him here. His food is crap. His act is crap. He's an asshole to everybody. I stand for Jiff in the most beloved American chef. Now, keep in mind that the last most beloved American chef was the Frugal Gourmet, Jeff Smith, and he was making other people's lives painful to watch such a low level of performance being received as a hero. Most TV chefs make the rest of us look like bores.

What if you were able to shoot a chef? No, he's already dead. If male media-watching was going the same way as David and I had the chance, I'd be shooting the little fella about 24 hours a day 24/7 a day. But I'd be so killed with self-hatred and rage, I'd kill up loudly.

He Write Even Prettier

SEVEN YEARS AGO, I took lady trouble to put David Shields on public radio. When introduced as the writer behind some of the stories of better outsiders that filled his first book, *Unreliable*, that once David described 7-Eleven's author and I followed good personality—not to mention a contributing editor to *Esquire*—his shrug as a redaction stood out. He was a little weedy, he was moved to Florida, where he'd encountered an undercurrent of people who don't laugh so much, but he was much. This is his new book, *Mr. Tidy Party*. One day, after, when, 100 miles away, I read something made fun of his years with bad writers, how he'd been caught with it in bed asleep, and the little insight of view much much more up to date.

David Shields' *Unreliable* has been replaced with *Unreliable Party*. What's amazing is that somehow the new stories are just as funny as the old ones. A lot of people think they love David for his ironic tongue—which is off there, believe me—but I think it's his empathetic side. He's still in looking real affection and sadness in his stories, that from the beginning brought people back for more. —BILLY CLARK

For 10 stories by David Shields, visit www.unreliableparty.com or look for it.



Design of the book: David Shields' *Unreliable Party* is a collection of stories by David Shields.

Look Homeward Conforming: Capra's literary homage, we can't help but envision a design book that quotes Thomas and Whitman and employs French and What's *Esquisses of Style*.—A romance should contain no unnecessary words, a paragraph no unnecessary sentences. . . . Having instantly any from it, I envision that we popularly believed to indicate style—all measurement, index, advertisement—as a metaphor for the principles behind making each part each's own. *Amidst* winning design goes with *essence* of human Maria Passarella's *Living on Style Without Losing Your Mind* (Simon & Schuster, \$30) feels simplicity and honesty to me, as well as the most expensive, principles of designing. Good advice, whether you're on Wall Street or the Westside Highway. —JOHN HANCOCK

Rule No. 152: The one switch for a computer goes in the hardest-to-reach location available, preferably as the back.

Rule No. 153: Hacking an airplane. Bad plan.

A JOURNEY FOR THE SENSES.

JAÏPUR
HOMMEBOUCHERON
PARIS

EAU DE PARFUM • EAU DE TOILETTE

NEIMAN MARCUS BERGDORF GOODMAN NORDSTROM

Eating



Second Helpings

DESPITE ALL OF ITS DRAWBACKS—most remarkably the mediocre tastes of recent guests crossing from the home office to the gold courses in bad polkas and flared slacks—there has been one delicious benefit to the a-consumat house of late. The restaurant business is thriving. And perhaps more exciting than the barrage of the brand-new is the resurgence of the classics, which not only tempt the belly but warm the heart. I call your attention to two gleaming, if disparate, examples: La Tour d'Argent in Paris and Le Frangin in Wheeling, Illinois. Both storied establishments—

one a 200-year-old Paris institution, the other a 37-year-old, internationally celebrated midwestern French anomaly—were, after a period of poor and unprofitable management, in ready to throw in the towel.

La Tour d'Argent is as much a Paris landmark as the Arc de Triomphe, except that it's much older. Named after a 12th-century merchant overlooking the Seine, it was a top dining spot of the 17th century. After serving several owners and a consulting

during the evening of the French Revolution, the restaurant was taken over by Frédéric Delais, who launched perked duck (roasted, with a sauce made from its cracked bones and blood) and, in a series of early marketing genius, snails and each had served. That no other meals today at around \$100,000 and closing—in 1912, Delais sold the restaurant to André Terrail, who, with his son Claude, made La Tour d'Argent a repa-



A view of Paris at night, from the Tour d'Argent. (Turner)

one stop for international society, winning three Michelin stars as a restaurant "worth a journey." Claude, who is now 82, tried to associate with the jet set in the hotel, and he is said to have converted many of the beautiful female clientele, Ann Gorman among them. But while the world's palates developed, La Tour d'Argent remained static, paying little notice to the changes taking place in French haute cuisine. During the 1970s, it was becoming the kind of place where you might find Mère Ginette and Zsa Zsa Gabor regaling each other over glasses of pink champagne. By 1981, the restaurant had officially become a dinosaur in haute cuisine, its food mediocre, its service and atmosphere mediocre, and its wine mediocre. It was time to start over.

Terrail, then, but not even, turned a second last December by hiring young chef Jean-François Thérault, who had brought back La Tour d'Argent's culinary luster. It is still one of Paris's most expensive restaurants, but a conspicuous three-course lunch here will run you a reasonable \$12, with one well-priced wine offering. The wine cellar is said to be the world's largest—more than half a million bottles, with vintages dating back to 1663 and cognacs to 1789, all organized by an affable three named David Rodway.

Sober is well aware that La Tour d'Argent's clientele, as well as his boss, is not about to snort all foreign dishes like the obviously high quantities of pork it is. And Terrail, a consummate example of classic haute cuisine in its most basic dignity, as previously rendered in the temple to Monsieur Terrail's kitchen. But he is also free enough to experiment with a pink, juicy fillet of lamb served with a sauce and accompanied by a crêpe of onion and a crisp piece of cake. If the most are from such a crêpe of lobster and lobster and lobster is less



Thank God it's late.

Too much pleasure? Häagen-Dazs

[illegible]

Drinking



Esquire's expert offers a short course in keeping a private stock—even if the only room you've got is under the sink

are picked, and whereas they tend to drink 50 percent more whites I was raising the glass at Williams on the World, it's not as if I like 30-50. Who needs body data and other expert model hangovers when you've got a Chateau and Lady's on a Saturday, some more prime cuts for your office, and personally some more who share your taste for the finer things? Cellaring has become a science.

The art, buying wines is an investment in pleasure. I look forward to the day that they will bring to me and my friends and family when they are in peak. In the English tradition, I bought a vintage port from my son's book year that we look forward to sharing on his 21st birthday. My 1999 Chateau Palmer will one day be your reward for this grape picker's blood, sweat, and tears. (That

Wine Cellar 101

BY ANDREA UMHER

or when find you that picking grapes is really hard work.) And my first taste of King of Kings champagne will be a delicious reminder of the liquid that saved me off Wall Street and into the world of wine.

[The Experiment]

TO GET A SENSE OF ALONG WITHOUT having to do so yourself, buy one good-quality port-wine (see sidebar) vintage (LIV) port such as Taylor LIV and a vintage just like that from 20 years old. Open both at the same time and pour a tumbler each. (Don't use open bottles will keep for several weeks, so don't waste the leftovers.) Look at them, smell them, and taste them side by side. The LIV will show its youth—vivid, vibrant color, the wine and taste of ripe, juicy fruit, and a texture that gives your mouth. Now try the vintage. Its color will

IT IS SAID IN THE TRADE THAT the average aging cost for a bottle of wine in this country is 17 cents—the average of many who go to the bottle's home from the vine and pull the cork. The fact is that for most people, storing wine isn't a major cost, because we buy for immediate consumption. That said, buying, drinking, and now collecting fine wine seems to have attracted a whole new breed of devotees. The phone lines at fine wine shops are buzzing with customers asking for their "allocation" of the coveted labels. The auction houses are swarming with racks of future vintage. Silver Chateau owners square up to Tuscany, and blue-chip Napa owners square up to Bordeaux chateau. It's hard to say for sure why this pursuit has captured its popularity, but I have some theories.

For one, all the do-over and dry reader needs has to go somewhere, and showing off your wine collection has, at the PC, a more elevated status than showing off your collection of Cuban cigars or boxing trophies. Cellaring wine is a time-honored pursuit that neither creates smoke nor leaves holes, or phoned-in answers behind.

Then there is the whole social thing. Wine clubs in New York



Our team of experts has over 150 years of wine-tasting experience. Hoo boy, they can tell you some stories.

Our wine team has so much experience selecting good wines for our site, they've practically seen it all. Or at least tasted it all.



wine.com
The best of wine™

Drinking



Agribusiness can be caught in a paralytic loop in China, if its subsidiaries, the Chinese firms, must choose between local and international trade.

groomed from Shetland wool to cashmere. Wholes, the scaly softness on the front are blown, while on the back the tannin like components that give cloth that dry, chilly feeling and the scaly softness on the front surface.

Ready to experience wine at its best? You don't need to put a clubhouse down or a coddled addition on your home. (Not you can, if you like.) You don't have to spend hours playing with wine corks.

be brown and transparent, like sand tea, the same story and certainly, and the texture positively sleek. The difference between these two wines is the amount of sugar. You may find it hard to believe, but the fact is that when it was young, the tawny port looked unfaded enough. *Markus LRP*

[Cellaring]

CELLARING IS THE TRADE for keeping wines in moderate or long-term storage to give at same or developing and improve in the bottle. It's not for everyone, or every wine. Most of the wine sold in this country comes to be consumed within two years (the whites) to three years (the reds) of the vintage year on the label. And if the wine isn't going to get better, why waste? Enjoy it while in the fruit and [visit *bottleandcellar.com*](http://www.bottleandcellar.com).

Thus, too, with the appagerose wine apple, the effects of aging are well worth the wait. The colors of both whites and reds wine alongside with age toward that of old and are twenty years, while the aroma gradually loses its fresh character and develops layers of exotic notes with kaleidoscopic complexity. In reds, the scents and flavors tend toward earth, mushrooms, leather, and incense, to whites, nuanced notes of nuts and dried apple. Gradually, the texture of each smooths and softens—think of the sea-

Western and vintage develop-
ment breeding complexity abey-
ant to my peers. I also love so-
ciety classic German Rindgen,
Koblenz and Spidren wares for
at least five years, and I have
heard some Austrian Rindgen
and some Valley cheese blanch-
et were absolutely superb.

Finally, there's champagne. Although it generally comes to the customer aged and ready to drink, champagne's high acidity gives it real zinginess on the bottle. With age, the wine becomes softer and less effervescent, more like a world-class white wine than a bubble. If you are looking for something a little different, greenish-gray? You don't want to age these flowers (what's got that tang, anyway?), but in five to ten years' time you'll have an amazing drink on your hands.

Most of the wire categories mentioned above have some thing else in common. They are expensive. Without a doubt, buying wire is like these parties in a restaurant in pennywise savings to that your expenditure, and your manner, will pay off in the long run.

[The Wine]

THE CATEGORIES THAT ACTUALLY measure with hard numbers progress corporate conditions as a major port from France, the top French and European companies, the top California oilseed companies, top Italian wine makers (the three E. Boninelli, Barbaresco, and Barolo), and the best of the category called super TASCANI, and those in desert areas like Nevada, Arizona, and South America. Significant growth in sales, because of high levels of entry, alcohol, flavor compounds, and sugar. But I think the French which has good quality, quality, Miroslav, Corbin-Champagne, Champagne, Mercedes, and Polyma Miroslav, all of which are 100 percent deadweight—from the

[The Cellar]

THE CLARITY ITSELF CAN BE almost anything. The most amazing one I ever saw was on the country roads of one of my favorite climes. The family had called me out to find goats were trampling in honor of Mother's 40th. This colorful portrait made "words of modest courtesy to accommodate more than 5,000 bushes, including large ferns like magnolias and ginkgos—the equivalent of about two regular bushes and four regular boxes, respectively—used a computerized sequencing system at the shop. Every bush was hand-colored on my way in, then swapped past the scanning eye on the way out, for instant no-reproducible colors.

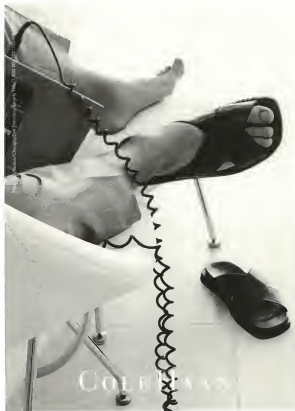
There there is my little collection of 400 bouzoukis, and on the

and of my home on the beach they came in, even to the Shop-Vac and the Greenmountain NordicTrack life-support system in my head, and as long as there are many borders of champagne and my prized Chateau d'Auber 1990 ruble when I walk by, all night with the world.

one important element in a wine called *Filly-Des-Diogenes*. Fabiani has considered the ideal cellarship as well as to possess wine for long-term storage, but you'll be remodeling your dreams for 15 years. It is a matter of personal taste, but I think that most of the collectible categories, at great savings, begin to taste delicious in one year. (Exception: top California cabernets and top old burgundies, which are truly alive seven years or so, and reserve some, which needs

at least 10 years.) Unless past collecting time horizons are very long, a surface temperature as high as 45 degrees is fine, as long as it is pretty consistent. As for humidity, about 60 percent is considered ideal to prevent the cookin' from drying out. And, of course, you

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Drinking

Wine Refrigerators (718) 343-3443, International Wine Accessories (800) 527-8072, and Redon Wine Storage Systems (800) 454-5969.

If your basement doesn't cut it, you have a few options:

Wine Storage Units

THESE ARE REPRESENTATIONS OF THE REFRIGERATION units that maintain a constant ideal temperature (between 45 and 55 degrees) for your wine. They range in size from counter-top models that hold a dozen or so bottles to very large cabinets that hold several hundred bottles. Don't bother with the small ones

sold as appliance supplements; they're usually just refrigerators that actually reduce the humidity in the air. The true wine units either maintain the ambient humidity or increase it by taking in the warm outside air and condensing it, in manner similar to dehumidifiers. Units like EuroCool and VinoChiller offer built-in advanced units, but you can also opt for finished wood, glass doors, custom low-temperature lighting, and so on if it's going to be a visible focal point in your house. You can get units that maintain a true temperature at refrigerator temperature (or 40 degrees), maybe at super-cold temperatures, to have wines at ready-to-serve temperatures (around 44 degrees) and/or at cellar temperatures (55 to 58 degrees). Just be sure to check the electrical requirements and measurements of the space where you plan to put the unit, and check the clearance needed around it for the compressor air intake to flow.

Building a Wine Cellar

IF YOU HAVE SEVERAL THOUSAND bottles to stash, the reality of the situation is that you need a special option. This need is specific, though, that you can both store and retrieve without damage or interference to nearby. These types of cellars are not a weekend job or a year's effort's project. Most are custom, doing as well as many orders, electrical/HVAC and insulation, at the very least, and to maintain the moisture and temperature, lighting design and engineering, interior design, ma-

terial, and so on. Owners of "cellar-design services" offered by the most underappreciated contractors. They can provide you with ideas and have specifications, but they are kind of the equivalent of the computer design a kitchen projects you are at many home-center neighborhoods, and a person who's been there knows that problems can arise when the "designer" never saw how the unit would be the correct things like measuring, checking window patterns, and measuring rooms. Work with contractors who know what they're doing. Your local fine-wine shop should be able to give referrals.

Rental Wine Lockers

THIS IS A GOOD OPTION if your home doesn't accommodate a cellar or a wine closet and if your collection has grown as much as capacity. The prices are usually charged per unit, and each space is often part of larger unit-a locker storage facilities. Rental wine lockers provide the service, to do so, you must understand this state (like country club). Some established wine-locker rental operators are Morgan & Bracher (Madison in New York, San Francisco in Chicago, and Mar in Canyon, Wine Storage in the Bay Area). The daily storage, at least, at that you have to plan your wine needs in advance so that you have time to retrieve what you want from the locker. This unit is empty in the space, considering and deciding in for many of us an expensive part of the overall experience.

Inventory Software

FOR LARGE COLLECTIONS, a computerized inventory-management system can be helpful. There are custom wine-inventory software systems available as disk or CD-ROM that include critical scores for cellars, wines, regional ratings, and other factors. A good one is Robert Parker's Wine Advisor & Cellar Manager, first issue of my collection and I prefer to use my collection's spreadsheet or data base programs, which can manage perfectly with the use of your PC software.

The Esquire Wine Cellar

Here's how the Esquire man should stock his wine cellar. A good wine cellar policy is to choose only wines that will appreciate in liquid assets—meaning in your glass rather than in cash. So don't buy wines that won't be your own or pay prices so high you couldn't justify paying the cork. You can go for the classic collection (French and Burgundy and Bordeaux, vintage 1990, top California cabernets, and top Pinot Noir), but you will usually pay top dollar, and few of the major wines are worth it, in my opinion. The bottles below are worth the price paid and will age better. I also taste good before your long-term collection. All prices are approximate and apply to the best bottles of the house. Exclusive bottles will be higher.

Italian and Spanish Reds

Quintarelli from the Apollonia region, any vintage, \$400 a case.
Barbaresco from Marchese de Grady, \$600 a case.
Navarro from Napa, \$600 a case.
Sanjovancito from Bodega Cordonero, \$500 a case.
Chivato Chivato from Cordonero & Aina, \$500 a case.
Prosecco from Bodega de Dalm, any vintage, \$300 a case.
Major French Reds from Major, \$400 a case.

Dessert Wines

Topagi Blue Label Royal, from the Royal Tokay Wine Company, Hungary, \$180 a case.
Chateau Chabaud 1990, \$400 a case.

California Cabernets

Forman, Napa Valley, 1990, \$600 a case.
Anderson's a Great Valley Vineyard, Napa Valley, 1990, \$600 a case.
Beringer Private Reserve, Napa Valley, 1990, \$600 a case.
Robert Mondavi Reserve, Napa Valley, 1990, \$600 a case.
Chateau Montelena, Napa Valley, 1990, \$600 a case.
Quintarelli, Napa Valley, 1990, \$600 a case.

Miscellaneous

Chateau L'Esprit 1990, Bordeaux, \$250 a bottle (this one is only available in bulk for a low price).
Open One 1990, Napa Valley, \$120 a bottle.
Penfolds Grange, Australia, any vintage, \$200 a bottle.
Wedge Monteale, California, any vintage, \$1,200 a case.
Penfolds 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 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THE Portfolio



Thar She Blows

Think you're safe from tech's big bubble? Think again.

BEFORE THE LAST YEAR, the name of stock market uncertainty has changed, and to have the fortunes of all of us who play stocks. It has always been hard to predict the future direction of the market, and I have been here or foolishly enough so. The aftermath of early April could have gone either way, turning cynicism or laying the groundwork for the Nasdaq composite to double yet again. (I'll get to that later.) Back in the olden days, in mid-October of last year, before the Nasdaq doubled in six months, there were still reasonable ways to avoid volatility and still bet on stocks. The tech sector was something spectacularly superior, a place where high rollers were bringing a gas with risk. The rest of us could either watch them or join them. What's different today is that we are all legions of investors, whether we want to be or not, because in large part, the market sectors of the market are taking over the market as a whole.

A year ago, I talked to some of the smartest people on Wall Street, and they were almost all predicting that the Nasdaq's candle was about to burn out. Instead, it was those smarties who got snuffed. Take Gary Brinson, the brilliant number cruncher who has done his share to defuse modern management. Brinson is the kind of guy old money used to like. He smokes a pipe, wears power-tees, a gold watch chain, and suspenders, and holds forth at posh offices with wing-backed chairs and Oriental rugs. One evening, at Union Bank of Switzerland, Brinson was paid more for more than \$300 billion, the world's largest pot of institutional money. Six months ago, he lectured me loudly about the hyper stock market. Bonds and gold, solid, undervalued stocks were the way to go. Undervalued stocks? What a quaint concept! Brinson's institutional clients got the same advice, and, apparently, they didn't like it much. They would have rather doubled their money like young, dumb investors in T-shirts who bet on Nasdaq highfliers. In Feb-

By Ted C. Fishman

A Man and His Money

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK SHOOTER

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beauty of the upside and fill the pain of a heart stopping but expectable momentary setback, but there's still the foreseeable possibility that a steeper, more attractive descent is coming. Steven Ziss, head of research at Morgan Stanley Dean Witter's Greyhound unit, offers a few scenarios on how things might play out.

The "first mover" advantage is the Holy Grail in the tech sector," he says, pointing to the phenomenon that boosts the fortunes of companies like AOL and Amazon, giants that plied their wares early. "What would happen if being the first mover provided no advantage at all? If eBay, Yahoo, and Amazon all started losing market share? That could be a disaster for tech stocks.

"What if new accounting rules start to send a lot of companies down the tubes?" Ziss ponders further. "Or if Alan Greenspan raises interest rates

three or four more times? Whatever happens probably won't happen quickly. It will be death by a thousand cuts."

Whether it's a rapid drop or a long, slow descent (in the mid-1970s, it took two years for the market to halve), when markets do move down, we will all pay for the hysteria in the tech sector. For astute optimists, there is some comfort to be had even when markets shrink.

Edward Karchner, FunnWebster's top market analyst, has been a cheerleader for over-economy stocks since the long rally began. Lately he has grown leery of the mania for what he calls the "new new undamable," such as Amazon, Arkis, and Broadcom, whose prices he feels defy sound logic. He distinguishes them from the "old new undamable," such as AOL, Dell, Intel, and Oracle, which can be valued using more traditional analyses and

which have real earnings.

"You have to ask what is a natural resistance to the imbalance between the high levels of the new new undamables and the more naturally priced old new undamables," Karchner says. "When the market corrects the imbalance—and it will—correctors will wake up. The market overall will continue to grow strong, and an important lesson will have been learned."

Yet, if the mainstream fund and institutional managers who needed to be beaten up to change their ways are so slow to react to a similar drop as they were to an rise, schools will prove very expensive for most of us.

THE Portfolio \$

By Ken Kurson

Wounded Rockets

Finding growth at value prices

DELL, MICROSOFT, HOME DEPOT, CROCO, SUN. These are the classic growth stocks of our time. There's no such thing as a classic value stock. The whole point of a value stock is to buy it before it's no longer a value. In a field packed with lies and hypebole, perhaps the single most ridiculous cliché is when an investor—usually a mutual-fund manager—says he looks for "growth at a reasonable price." As opposed to what, exactly? A pricey company with no room to grow?

Everyone wants to buy growth at a low price, and when this happens, the price doesn't stay low for long. The trick is, most fund managers will pay whatever they want to ensure they're holding impressive-sounding growth stocks in their portfolios.

Bolled down, growth investing means buying stocks in companies that are quickly growing revenues, and perhaps earnings, without regard to what you pay for that growth. The assumption is that there will always be someone aside from you—who the greater fool—to pay more for your company than you paid. Value investors merely identify stocks that trade below market levels based on fundamentals like PE ratio and book value.

These two approaches appeal to two completely different people. Warren Buf-

for, the greatest value investor of them all, isn't going to start buying tech stocks no matter what. They're too expensive, and if the oracle of Delphi appeared and told the Oracle of Omaha that he could save on a tech stock, Buffett still wouldn't buy. It's just not in him to pay \$100 for a buck of earnings, even if he was guaranteed to sell that same buck for \$150 next year.

And the kick-ass growth investor wouldn't be caught dead paying over inflated shares to see where he can buy a buck for fifty cents. To Mr. Value Growth Guy, value equals smelt-time. The value investor is a miser, more patient, the sharper analyst, and probably the better person. And he's also paid broke the last few years while the growth bubble ate his lunch.

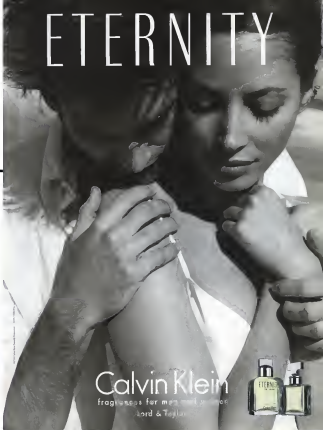
In 1998, large growth stocks did 33.16 percent, and they were up 7.13 percent through this year's Q1, while

The Playbook

Price this Week	Transaction/Details	Shares	Portfolio Price	Price as of 3/31	% Total Gain	Value
1/24/98	Worshiping (Wor)	400	\$2.36	\$9.64	310.15	\$3,856
2/14/98	eHome (EHOM)	830	1.34	2.90	121	2,390
3/10/98	Sun Micro July 110 call (SUN08)	100 (expired)	2.88	7.62	-8	762
4/2/98	Internet July 45 call (IAR08)	100 (expired)	3.10	5.62	80	562
3/25/98	Excelsior July 70 call (EXC08)	100 (expired)	2.84	5.69	+8	569
4/2/98	Amazon (AMZN)	100	\$4.29	\$12.28	188	1,228
7/10/98	Nike (NIKE)	100	\$2.50	\$9.60	280	960
Net						\$10,867
View Size						\$10,867
Fund of Funds						48

Note: In a market portfolio, I don't actually make those trades, and I use liquid funds with low commissions. I only want to tell you the idea that there is a gain to this strategy. But I'll be the first to admit it: If you're not a professional trader, the portfolio returns that would make sense for the portfolio. For the actual portfolio, only if you can read one of the fund prospectuses.

ETERNITY



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Lord & Taylor



Everyone gets that a value stock is cheap. You'd expect a low PE ratio and a relatively high book value. The thornier part of value investing is estimating the companies that deserve to be cheap from those that are "accidentally" cheap—and will quickly be restored to where they "belong" by a fortunate coincidence of events.

That strategy would have made investors in Minol Iyoch and Cargroup a lot of money when their long growth spans temporarily stumbled into value range, but you've got to be careful. The same logic would have proven quite painful for investors who picked up Philip Morris or Oxford Health, two other great growth companies that fell into value range.

I bought Disney because even though its PE is admittedly high—about 30 when I bought it—I'm getting a buck of sales for about \$2.25, which is less than half the industry average. Disney's PS—my favorite measure for comparing the

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Fishing for new opportunities

By Anonymous

Boldly go.



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*Optional. **Base MSRP includes destination; excludes tax. Model and options shown herein cost \$15,595.



Jenny and Jameela for BeneFit Cosmetics

Very personal expression

The twin sisters behind BeneFit Cosmetics might look alike, but the similarities end there. So it's no wonder their glam beauty products scream individuality. The PT Cruiser is its own creation, too. Echoing the days when hot rodders personalize their rides, you can make the PT Cruiser truly yours by selecting options packages with everything from a touring suspension to chrome aluminum wheels. On BeneFit's T-shirt, Kitten and her stylish feline friends go cruising for... just what, exactly? Bad-boy hot rodders?

TO PURCHASE THIS T-SHIRT, VISIT PARTICIPATING MACY'S STORES, OR GO TO WWW.MACYS.COM

Nicole Miller

Go-anywhere versatility

With distinctive, energetic styles for men and women — from the office to elegant evenings out — Nicole Miller's collections are versatility defined. Her designs have a lot in common with the PT Cruiser. The Cruiser's multitude of seating options and flexible cargo space fit with pretty much everything you do. On Nicole's T-shirt — which she's modeling here, individualized with some sexy schuss work — this wild, leopard patterned PT Cruiser looks right at home in its natural habitat or the open road, yet is sexy enough to make a splash in the downtown scene.



TO PURCHASE THIS T-SHIRT, VISIT PARTICIPATING MACY'S STORES, OR GO TO WWW.MACYS.COM

Carolee Timeless style gone contemporary

Carolee's sophisticated jewelry creations have always been about blending classic style with contemporary design. That same combination is what lends the PT Cruiser its magnetism. While its sculpted lines feel nothing less than of-the-moment, they also stir in the heart a passion for the striking automotive shapes of days past. Carolee's Trunkies design makes a statement with its own simple, tasteful lines. The shirt's heroine obviously has a fondness for beauty — in automotive and personal style, and in the human grace of the First Book organization.

Eddie Rodriguez for Wilke-Rodriguez Defying convention

Eddie Rodriguez runs a men's wear company that sets its own rules. From its beginnings, Wilke-Rodriguez essentially created a new kind of men's style — fresh, relaxed and modern, with a focus on unique details and rich colors. The PT Cruiser is redefining the rules as well. It defies labels like sport-utility or compact, breaking the barriers of conventional automotive design and function. On the Wilke-Rodriguez T-shirt, the PT Cruiser shows all the sides of its charismatic personality, with brilliant hues and a rolling tribute to the First Book organization.

Macy's for a one of a kind cause



To purchase the Chrysler PT Cruiser-inspired limited-edition T-shirts, visit www.macys.com from April 15 - June 15, 2000 or participating Macy's stores* from May 15 - June 15, 2000.



All T-shirts are \$15.00 each. A portion of the sale will be donated to First Book.

About First Book

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Style Agenda

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Viewers Like Who?

Highbrow stunts won't save PBS
By Tom Carson

IT'S 10 PM, I THINK MY MOTHER wishes that one of her daughters had married Jim Lehrer. I think she wishes I were Jim Lehrer. Not that she doesn't love me more, but as being Jim Lehrer would make her love unrequited. She'd be so god-damn proud!

She's read all of the comic novels about politics that PBS's new women news cast on his new *Nightline* hosts. Hah! Forget restaurants is a place where a scene is out of character. It takes place. During dinner, she often mentions Jim Lehrer. Neither her son nor her daughter-in-law has even had the nerve to remind her that the scene

is close cinema with somebody exposing of a movie's heart attack.

From so, I'm a good son. Whatever funky thoughts I may have about public TV, I know I've got to be nice to Jim Lehrer. No way I'm going to hurt my mom's feelings, and I don't have a problem being nice to Jim Lehrer. He may have turned out as the Poole to Robert MacNeil/Christopher Robin, but a heart of very little brain he's not. Besides, his

loyalty to viewers like us proves he's no success, or else such a bungling one that we just don't need to worry a lot about who ever acquires agendas may lurk behind those On-line eyes. Anyway, PBS just doesn't make it to my front burner all that often, so I'm usually safe. Late this winter, though, a phone call from a very nice publisher at WNET reminded me that public TV was still around. She wanted to know whether I'd like to preview a new four-part series about the insights modern science can deliver into some of history's most notable ch-chs, from what toward the *Shindig*berg was a *Sally* to where all the Vikings of Greenland went. The show's title, she told me, was *Secrets of the Dead*—and she'd when I said, "Stop 'em on, lady. It's the least I can do for Jim Lehrer."

So the next we the tapes, and they're okay. Scarily titled "Casseroles!" and hell bent on figuring out what caused a mysterious two-year winter back in the north country, the debut has an *MacDonald-AUNTIE* thrill as the camera hunkers on after some globe-trotting researchers who figure out they're getting worse when they hit Krakatau. By WWF *Sensational* standards, it and the later episodes aren't even especially gaudy, at least if you discount bits like the demonstration of one starving Viking gnawing during his pet dog's throat for food as another starving Viking buries his face in his hands, no doubt thinking that *Rover* will never get to watch *Nightline* again!

Then again, you do get to watch *Rover* do twice, and the classic episode's look at possible cannibals among Chaco Canyon's long-gone Pueblo Indians isn't done done on close-ups of gut-wrenched heads tearing raw meat apart. And who'da knew, the narrator takes his time before admitting that we're looking at animal flesh, not human bodies—but what a relief, all the same. I was worried sick that Bill Moyers had volunteered to lose an arm. The voice-over also seldom stops a chance to stress how really, truly horrifying cannibalism is, and I'm not about to argue with that. Maybe I wonder about his taste in restaurants, but I'm sure Jim Lehrer would never stoop to rapidly deconstructing kasha-fish, no matter how bad things get—and even Jeff Garlin's fun as the same! Anyway, if you don't know how to play mah-jongg, you could do worse come May 15, 16, and 17. Granted on a very likeable natural NASA capsule out to prove that hydrogen got a burn up—and damned, if he doesn't do it, too—the hour on the *Shindig*berg is pretty cool. But that can't really be the point, despite my respect for any camera whose talent pool includes Jim Lehrer—and whose slogan could proudly be "More Stars Than There Are on the Taiwanese Flag."

The point, of course, is that in soon as I heard this series was called *Secrets of the Dead*, I started giggling. Here come poor Auntie PBS, gamely competing in the brave new world of cable TV and the *Lifetime* from Fox Channel—and by the knowing that, by May 15, 16, and 17, Fox may well have put a no-doubt short lived look on trash programming after the *Who Wants to Marry a Genuinely Crazy Gentleman?* finish, land of leaving Auntie holding the not bag. In other words, *Secrets of the Dead* struck me as a pretty good excuse to wonder just what public broadcasting is for nowadays.

Unfortunately, this was in early March, only single-drive news but the run up to Saint Patrick's Day—and I bought Irish culture the very only someone whose two came to County Donegal's version of *Secrets*—and I'm sure I'm not, PBS had rounded up everybody in my toddling old corner! I'm sure with a halfway guessable set of chapters to pore and clomp for

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the screen

the camera. "Riverdance past Eve and Adam's," as the author of *Foreigner Wake* might have put it, hardly before he too smacked over to *Just Shout Me*.

Over and over, right when I was coming down with couch-potato fatigue, they'd cut back to the pledge-drive team, whose crone looked really like *Mad TV's* Will Sasso—except as there all had once no child.

hood, I realized with mounting alarm. Behind Will's large back, those goddamn phones were staging, just as they had since my childhood. My gods, I thought. I'm in the Twilight Zone. For watching the *Norwich* Time Zone.

It hadn't always been like that. In the 1960s, PBS was cutting back—and not just on the social-breadth big-budget shows. With *The Foray* Stage proving there was still an eager audience for the arts, the network's management put the first work on the city map; the network's *Antigonish* came in for ridicule even then, everybody knew that if PBS did a warner, it would star Derek Jacobi as a younger man John Barbiton. But whenever you thought of it, programming like *Antigonish* and *The Foray* and *Roundabout* Revolution didn't get priority enough cultural respect to, let's say, warrant inclusion in a time capsule. Besides, PBS's coverage of the 1973 Watergate hearings did introduce a general caution to Jim Lehrer—and

What killed it was *Hill Street Blues*. Public broadcasting's ace as the hole was always that it financed viewers for their superior taste, and as soon as those viewers found a commercial show that they could think

just as highly of themselves for watching, that was pretty much all Jane Austen wrote as far as PBS's most captive audience went. Besides, the older audience, whose disdain for the medium had helped define the network's promise, was being superseded by raised-on-TV viewers less prone to believe that vulgarity equaled worthlessness or virtue guaranteed merit. In fact, the last PBS offering to qualify as a genuine public event was Ken Burns's *The Civil War*—and that was a whole decade ago, no more.

how many of us who'd rather have watched Barber's *The Civil War* still can't believe that Burns's long pair of historical epics ever reached *Antennae*.

Kan Burns or no Kan Burns, the cable certainly put PBS in the same position as the Strategic Air Command after the cold war's abrupt vanishing: no mission. Sure, even worse inside the clubhouse, who refuse to ne-

old mandate no longer makes much sense, it's going to have to find a new one to justify itself—one that had better include keeping owners like them interested.

True enough, in recent years PBS has gotten more, um, scandalous—going head-to-head with MTV (displaced by coughing up *Sessions of West 14th*, and so on. But contrary will win, and the effort

hasn't been to redefine public TV as hip so much as to redefine what's edgy. I can't imagine what would feel more like the kiss of death to a musician than being PBS' idea of where it's at—and once I love Lucinda Williams, I hope she's hearing up. We're still talking about a network that thinks it's being offbeat whenever it hosts an old Sinatra special from the vault.

I'm not even going to get into all the old arguments about how the need to please both congressional overseers and corporate benefactors makes public TV more likely, not less, to cash out on the common side.

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Four Things You Should Know

A. Nelson SO/2000-Watch P&G
The P&G documents were linked
offered 10th edition with retail
founder/feet a reminder of the

[illegible]

A Classic Betrayal A celebrity reporter for *The Observer* Church of the East people would receive TV's first Forgiveness of the Dead suit. (Photo: supplied)

[illegible]

The King of Ovals
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for anything as dumb as TV no matter how good these kids say James Goodall is, plenty of crackable households can still use an alternative to commercial broadcasting. However, those viewers tend to cluster in exactly the same demographics that PBS has always shied in favor of the sophisticated middlebrows now more likely to tune to CNN for their muscle dope, HBO for their upscale water-cooler pillow, and *Al Fuh* means on Comedy Central for their cool-Bronx-in-moon. Now that public TV

TV as hip so much as to re-define what's trendy. I can't imagine what would feel more like the kiss of death to a musician than being PBS's idea of where it's at—and since Dave Navarro Williams, I hope she's hearing up. We're still talking about a network that thinks it's being raffish whenever it hauls an old Sinatra special from the vault.

I'm not even going to get into all the old arguments about how she used to please both congressional overseers and corporate benefactors making public TV more likely, not less, to end up on the same side.

fect, since the frank risk of greed that swirls off commercial ventures is more than com-

can serve as evidence that something isn't in the cards. Nor the whole question of taxpayer-sponsored aid, as we note that's always been a catch to game to fall off the PC trolley, mainly because it's given the likes of Jesse Helms a plausible pretext to play offense on the not-unreasonable grounds

the public is focusing the bill for art it doesn't want, and I'd just as soon Helms didn't leave the house.

Laheer when my mom called. As usual, she wanted to know what I was up to, and I told her I was writing about PBS. "But don't worry," I said hastily. "I promise I'll be sure to list Laheer."

"Oh," she said, sounding puzzled. "Well, I do like him—and have I ever told you that a scene in one of his books is set at DeCade's? But I really haven't enjoyed *Newsflow* as much since Robert MacNeil left. I mean, I just don't think it's as good, do you?"



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CERRUTI IMAGE
THE FRAGRANCE FOR MEN FROM NINO CERRUTI



It's called corkball, and it's kind of like baseball, only better **By Charles P. Pierce**

The Sport That Time Forgot

ONCE, BEFORE EVERYTHING WAS A commodity, the rules for every sport were drawn up like this—drawn up by the people who actually played the game, drawn up in the basement of an actual tavern in an actual neighborhood, like the Haven in South St. Louis, where the Spookmen's Corkball League is meeting on a muggy night as spring comes slowly down the Mississippi. That is how sports used to change—before history's book, when the world wasn't looking.

For nearly fifty years, the league has played its games in Flower Groves Park, a lovely, idyllic space with little bright gingerbread gazebos

The game

parking out from between the trees. This season, though, the club is moving to the fields at Jefferson Barracks, because a lot of the players have become "unavoidably" with the neighborhood" around Tower Grove, says club executive corkball being a predominantly white and predominantly male exercise as a nation that's becoming predominantly neither one. For good and ill, corkball's history is now full of the history of the city in which it was born.

"It wasn't like we wanted to leave," says Lee Randolph Jr., a second-generation corkballer. "There's a little bit of a problem with some elements, but nothing had ever affected us. But then, all guys are talking you in your ear. 'Well, we're not going to bring our kids down here because we're scared to,' that makes you start thinking."

The move to Jefferson Barracks has prompted the club to discuss an adjustment of the rules no less profound than that which baseball had to make when people began building ballparks with fences in the outfield rather than strands of rope. The Spookmen's Club is deciding whether to begin the season by allowing players to hit something besides singles. It is the second round of the new century, and everyone has his eye on the league.

"All right," says Randolph, the club's president, fighting to be heard over the clinking beer bottles. "You've got three choices: singles only, singles and home runs, or singles, doubles, triples, and home runs."

Corkball did not begin in an outdoor context. It began in St. Louis bars, where the Germans and the Irish and all the other people who worked at the city's numerous breweries came to consume their own product. One night around 1900, some brewery worker or another popped the cork—or "foam," which is the last time it will be referred

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the game

to as such here, by the way—out of a barrel of beer, wrapped in a tape, and there it tumbled out of his colleagues, who used to hit it with a homebrew. Soon, cockball captivated young upstarts distant of sailors, as it is the idyllic seaside of them. Louisiana who joined the Navy during World War II either famously played cockball on the flight decks of warship carriers, and returning veterans helped spread the game throughout the South. "Basically," says one old cockballer and Navy vet, "the Pacific was a home run."

It is a simple game. It involves a pitcher, a batter, and a catcher. There are no bases and, therefore, no base runners and, therefore, a great number of men who play cockball into their fifties and beyond. There are three outs, and every swinging strike is an out, provided a catcher hangs on to the cockball, which looks like a baseball shorn to the size of a T-shirt 4. Four balls is a walk. Four balls and another five balls are outs, and any hit that travels fifteen feet, on the ground or in the air, is a single. Four singles equal a run, making cockball as much a team-coordination game as the Diamond. Runs are scarce, however, because the ball is small and the bat is thin and because the pitcher are encouraged to bring it with speed and movement only a touch below that sets down town in Beachhead.

"No kidding," Barkow explains. "We've got some guys that can put your hair with that thing. They have to be a little bit, because everybody on this league can hit a ball." Nevertheless, a 250 batting average is a good season; in 1990, though, Dutch Wadding hit .576, a mark that is still spoken of with reverence and awe.

At Tower Grove, the Sportsman's Club played singles only, not least because nobody ever quite figured out how to punt out the extra bases when somebody hit one up into the branches of a tree. However, at the Jefferson Recreation fields, there are no trees to complicate play, and the distances for doubles, triples, and home runs actually are set out in lines buried into the ground. (A home run can be as carry 250 feet.) The game can change then.

Moreover, Jefferson Berwick for years has been the home field of the South St. Louis Cockball League, the city's most famous keep, long the domain of the late Don Young, whom the players always called "Mr. Cockball." Hearing the Sportsman's Club Jefferson Berwick is very much like moving the Mets into Yankee Stadium, and there is an under-

current of mildly outraged traditionalism about the ballgame.

"We had thought about just going down there and playing with the simple rules," Barkow explains. "But with such a big name, we decided on being it (so our membership would be there double."

The game changes by a vote of 13 to 10 to 3. They will play with the full panoply of extra-base hits. There is some reasoning from the assembled pitchers, because pitchers will get blamed. Pitchers always get blamed. You can imagine Alex Cartwright in a place like this basement, puzzling out as a nuptial the notion that the batter themselves should be angry for not, perhaps, struck suddenly by the rationale that, with four bases, a runner would score after having traveled the exact number of feet as there are degrees in a circle.

"Catching the bases," Cartwright would muse with a smile as baseball is born so that, a few decades later, some brewery workers in St. Louis can develop a reconstruction: from called cockball. There is cold beer in a tin tub and trophies on shelves along the wall. Two darts have been stuck in the dashboard for so long that nobody remembers who tossed them there, and Alton Doubleday, that ancient old hand, is nowhere to be found.

BEFORE YOU UNDERSTAND cockball, you must understand its heritage. There is no element in the history of American sports more understood than the salience of the city of St. Louis. It is here that the very name of the sport is distinctly pronounced. The s becomes a harsh, almost coarse sound that says just short of a full Galtic league. "Cokball" is close.

In a southern, but it's filtered through all the German and Italian and Irish accents that came down the river to work. Moreover, the city of St. Louis has been giddy creative in constructing games around the concept of being a thrown object with a bat. In addition to cockball, the people of St. Louis have also devised themselves to other, even more extreme variations on baseball. There is football, in which the batter runs to hit a tennis ball with its hitting cover buried away. There is also the strange companion in which the batter attempts to make contact with a bottle cap, which can be made to dip and spin and confound the player with its garibolike unpredictability.

Finally, even in the case of a minor league system through which young players pass on their way to their cockball ca-

riers. (CBA-timers regularly between the lanes of cockball on the grounds that not enough young people play baseball anymore, and they sound like old baseball writers writing about the diamonds that lie empty throughout the suburban waterways.) The game of bottle cap, on the other hand, is simply nuts. "You can really get carried," explains Barkow.

So St. Louis has a few for mutant baseball that is richer and more diverse than even that of New York, which has produced stickball, which hardly anyone plays anymore. New York has had at least, however, simply because so many of its former stickball players grew up to be good writers. Hence, the literature of stickball is far more vast than that of cockball, despite the facts that it is because of its speed, cockball is more interesting, by because it is played in peaceful parks and not on busy streets, cockball is safer, and of cockball is still wildly alive, having spread at least in a small way from St. Louis southward.

In fact, down in Macon, Georgia, is the house where they all lived before they got famous, the members of the Atlanta Braves Band engaged in an increasingly noisy cockball game, the late Francis Atkinson, it is said, was a hellish catcher in town, though its professional status and professional promises. St. Louis may have inspired more people in places far more widespread than even New York did through the Yankees.

The mighty signal of KMOX Radio made Cardinals fans out of Tennessee moonshiners and Iowa wheat farmers, New Orleans moonshiners and Alabama Baptists. It made a hiding. Cardinals fan out of a poor boy in Indiana named Larry Bird. The New York ball clubs may have owned the urban skyline of the Northeast, and, as their avian-skin migration, those same teams may have conquered the West Coast, but for most of the century just concluded, between baseball and cockball, St. Louis owned almost everything in between.

There is very much a there-then, the present hooked to the past and not deluged and floating the way it is to so many places. Consider, for example, not the Cardinals but the old St. Louis Browns, now the Baltimore Orioles. In the early 1900s, the Browns were owned by one Chris Van der Ahe, a maverick German publisher who went as speculatively broke that one of his creditors had had himself off to jail in Frankfurt. He was an owner, and he lost all his money his team now plays in Baltimore. In his saloon, the employees

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the game

played catchball. Their great-grandchildren play a today. Sunday, at best, chokes.

IN THE OLD DAYS, Fleck Markewitz used to be a hot tennis player in the parks on the city's south side. He couldn't afford to have his racket resung, however, so he learned to do it himself. Gradually, word got around to the other players, and Fleck began to make a living for himself stringing tennis rackets on his back porch. From this came the Markewitz Sporting Goods Company, tucked into an old factory warehouse, driven just off the interstate. Today, it is the century-happy, the world's-leading supplier of catchball equipment.

"The cork from the barrels is what they started using in the twenties, and outside the movies later on," explains Herb Markowitz Jr., the founder's son. "Then they started putting tape around it to get a more spherical, and then some of the guys decided, 'Well, let's just start making little baseballs, then.' So some of them were actually made in homes here in St. Louis."

A man named Bill Pivner is credited with making the first catchball with a proper cover on it, in 1936, and he kept on making them until he retired in 1993. Some legends—most notably the South St. Louis League—refused to play with anything except a Pivnerball.

For a while, the Kewings Sporting Goods Company sold catchballs, most of which were made by hand in St. Louis. The Markewitz company would buy its catchballs from Riverway. In the 1960s, however, Kewings moved out of the catchball business and the Markewitzs began having their own catchball manufacturing—first in Miami and, later, in China. Today, the company makes catchballs and has websites devoted to the nostalgic three that surrounds everything remotely connected to baseball. Each catchball comes in a box with Swastika lettering that seems taken directly out of Chris Von der Ahn's album.

"This is, with the passport, is supposed to convey the history of baseball," Markewitz says, referring one of the boxes.

"This is trying to portray an longevity in the history of American baseball. Our sales were up 60 percent last year. And this year, we expect another jump like that."

To build a catchball is an odd sensation, especially to anyone accustomed to the feel of a regular baseball. The stitches are too close together and in the wrong places. The whole thing can disappear to the palm of your hand. "Sean Maxwell came to our banquet once," recalls Joan

beard dated last year," explains Joan Young, "at the funeral, one of my daughters said that you couldn't die or have a baby, or do anything, important, on Wednesday, because Wednesday night was for catchball."

"They always put things in for the wives, because they were kind of neglected in the entertainment. But we used to have a picnic every year. We always found that we were going to put in an application to join the league, but we never did."

They met at the Casa Loma, an old ballroom, down on Cherokee Street. Don Young was a second-generation catchballer. His father, Bill, helped found the Grapp League in 1936, and Don began playing in 1945. Bill was an all player, making the Youngs a third-generation catchball family, which is not unusual. After he retired from active play in 1976, Young set about documenting a systematic history of catchball in St. Louis. He compiled reams of interviews. He chased down ancient team rosters.

He even pursued and recorded the game's curious mythology back beyond the browns and their barrels, all the way back to 1763, when Pierre Laclède landed his men on the banks of the river and the Indians threw dirt down at them, and Laclède's men hit their back with spears. Of course, the world made Pierre Laclède the father of baseball, catchball, football, and horde cups, which would make, say, Father Jacques Marquette

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Three Things You Should Know

1 **Books You Should Watch Out For:** You don't have to follow the major pop fiction trends to find a book that will become a big deal. Instead, look for the book that will be the most talked about in the literary world.

2 **A Game You Should Watch Out For:** The game of catchball is a sport that has been around for a long time. It is a game that is played by people of all ages and in all climates. It is a game that is easy to learn and play. It is a game that is fun and exciting. It is a game that is a great way to spend time with friends and family.

3 **A Book You Should Read:** The book "The Catchball" by John Young is a great read. It is a book that tells the story of the game of catchball in St. Louis. It is a book that is full of interesting facts and stories. It is a book that is a great way to learn more about the game of catchball.

CLASSIC



TREKS

Young, the widow of Don Young, who was Mr. Catchball for nearly forty years. "It just amazed him, that little cork ball," he said when he says it is so much like the ancient Chinese from a long time ago, "That Little Cork Ball."

Lord, lord. Don't be so!

ANOTHER ARGUMENT, then, the one in a near little house in a near little neighborhood tucked down into the gentle slopes of a hill now crowned by four-line black-top and every franchise known to God, man, and the ocean king. The history of St. Louis catchball is here, tucked into boxes and hanging on the wall. "When you have

look like something of a piker, discover why. Don Young didn't actually believe this story, mind you, but he told it anyway, which was the important part."

He told all the stories, wrote them all down, and told them again about the time he played in the lowest-scoring game in catchball history because the ball broke in half and he was worried only half a run. About long balls and shorties. About a hundred other games and a thousand other players. About how he got both the 1964 and 1967 world champion Cardinals teams to sign a catchball for him. About how when one of the players died, he would send a wreath, and in its heart would be a catchball bat. When Don



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the game

Young died, the funeral procession descended on its way to the cemetery and brought him back for a lap around the grounds at Jefferson Barracks, one more time.

"He became disabled when he was seventy-six, and he couldn't play anymore," his widow recalls. "So he began to put all the records together." It was the social aspect of the game that kept him coming back on all those summer evenings, which was all right with his wife, who had become accustomed to a life grown right as a vice around a little local game.

COME BACK IN AUGUST, THEY SAID. Come back when all the teams get together at Jefferson Barracks—Sportsmen, the South St. Louis guys, the people who play in Georgia and Florida—and come back for the picnic and the barbecue, and the opening, running, laughing children, and come back for the cocktail, too. For the World Series of cocktail, at the barracks, where the Sportsman's Club now has decided to play.

"My first memories of cocktail are the picnics," says Leo Rafter. "I can remember going out with my father and brothers and sisters, and we'd watch the guys playing bottle cups. We still do that at our annual picnic here. We get out a big bucket of bottle cups and old bromosides and go to it."

There is no machinery here. Cocktailers are proud to play bottle cups, and vice versa, but it is cocktail that has flourished beyond the other games. "I mean, cocktail's in my blood, and I've been in the club since '71," Rafter says. "There were times when I thought about turning, but I don't know what I'd do with my own sons. I'm thirty-plus, and my son's gone. I can remember going home every Wednesday night, sitting up, lying there with it, just spacing out, just trying to get it ready to go again the next week."

The meeting has adjourned. The membership has gathered upstairs at the Barracks, where a light Thursday-night crowd is talking over the NCAA basketball marquee on the big-screen television and somebody keeps playing. Rafter's Mac sings over and over on the jukebox, drawing out the communion on the television, but not the conversation, which flows and ebbs in the past and the present. There are legends to cocktail, most of them apocryphal, as though that ever matters for the best of times.

There is the remarkable tale people tell about Hammering Hank Steverson, who fills a spot in the history of cocktail roughly akin to that held by John Henry in the history of the American railroad. Seems that one day Hammering Hank got hold of one and drove it out of the barracks grounds comedy. The ball rolled down a steep slope and into the Mississippi, which carried it, sailing and tumbling, down into the Gulf of Mexico and off to Cuba, to Venezuela, to memory and the many tales, to America.

Is the story very blurry an aged and mellow crack of brass? Of course it is, and I don't believe a word of it, just as I don't believe in John Henry, except where Mississippi John Hurt sings about him, and then I do believe in him that I expect him to come up my walkway and sing my goodbye, and I'm disappointed when he doesn't. I don't believe for a second that Hammering Hank Steverson once hit a cocktail out of Jefferson Barracks and off toward eternity, until somebody tells me the story, and then a thrill in his voice, and then I believe in Hammering Hank. In my bag, there's a cocktail case, and I roll it in my fingers, and it seems to disappear in my palm, and it's as though baseball itself is shrinking, as though the game has become meaningless again—as though, somehow, in this strange, beloved mansion of itself, you can get a grip on it again. ■



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What hath Roth got? Lots, and more, in *The Human Stain*. By Sven Birkerts

the page Old Dog, New Trick



I STARTED READING PHILIP ROTH YEARS AGO, hard on the heels of D. Salinger, back when my knowledge of things Jewish was sadly limited to yekky exchanges with a couple of dead-in-the-ground guys on the vent. In "Through Ruth" got another picture—and I don't just mean Alvin Karpis looking himself up the downcast hallways with his razor's tongue. This was complex and eye-opening, with hints of Louis Brandeis (who Roth would soon discover) in one end and a Woody Allen-abbashees in the other. The so-so early books were a triumph of voice—sardonic, approved,

spontaneous, honest, and funny in a way that eyed-out darker places. And I followed, from *Portnoy* and *Nathan Zuckerman* right up to—years later—*Myra Selinsky*, that last masterpiece of a man.

Then Roth swerved and lost me, for a time anyway. His novel from his trade to witness something more narrative *American Pastoral* (1997) seemed all wrong to me, never mind that it was all the years. I weighed and tested the scenes of the characters and found them greatly unappealing. That book-oven here inside Levon's daughter would become a masterpiece because

was a laboratory premise—laughable. But then I read *I Married a Communist* (1999), the semi-canon in Roth's postwar America trilogy—McCarthy-era drama of politics and hypocrisy—and I began to get the idea. Our author wasn't doing character in the old psychological way; he was coming at things from the other direction. It clicked. Closing the cover on *The Human Stain*, Roth's newest, which completes the trilogy, I realized in I do only when something has finally reached me.

There are, I say, words that no younger writer could write and no younger reader could fully get. They would not only the experience of adult moral development but also, as in this novel, understandings about the long view—the unfolding of the self over time—that make no sense until we have logged a good many years ourselves.

History, for Roth, is not a simple matter of people doing things, making events. It is more like a force, an atmosphere, raw and relentless, that sweeps on up. History pushes us along the turn of characters, it guides us into strange waters we cannot follow, it binds us so that we actually believe we have chosen our own paths. Roth laughs, grimaces. He pinches at the details of his years, pines at it through the sophisticated lens Greek Tragedy 101. The flow in the

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TIME WAS IS BURNING—being in a good kind of way. He's putting the last touches on a new record, *Thruaccidental Means*, his fifth in the five years since he was busy in a bad kind of way, getting drunk and shooting himself in Nashville (he's living on juke). He's producing a new album for an upcoming film about Tom Hanks. He's working on a little short story. He just arrived with a play about Karl's First Daughter (only killer put to death in Tennessee) in his spare time, he's commuting from Nashville to Chicago, where he's teaching a songwriting class three nights a week and keeping an eye on his eighteen-year-old son, Justin.

The school held a lottery for Earle's class: Eleven hundred people applied for ninety seats. He may not sell a ton of product—though his album sales usually reach six figures—but he's always done well in Chicago. And Canada. He's huge in the Darned Good White North, bigger than back home.

Meanwhile, he's a hip—except in Nashville, where he's sort of a resident alien. He burst from there in 1986 with

Nashville's most talented songwriter is a borderline Marxist and a recovering addict, which may have a lot to do with why he's not its favorite son. **By Scott Raab**

Steve Earle, Folk Hero

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music

Greater Town, which reached number one on the country charts and then—just like in the wet dream dreamed down along Music Row at Nashville every night since Musc died—crossed over and rose up the pop charts, whereupon he was proclaimed the belated incarnation of New Traditional Country, only to be excommunicated from the Holy Church of the Opry when Musc Row realized that not only was Earle a skunked-out noodle picker, he also refused

says more about the death penalty in six minutes than *Dead Man Walking* did in two hours, and in "To: Worth Man," an elegy to the late Townes Van Zandt, his hard-biting mentor and friend—Steve Earle is the finest narrative songwriter around.

"It's really a hard thing to keep in perspective that this is just pop music," he says. "It's really not that important. But it also can be a really powerful thing when it's done right. I don't suspect everybody to

sume's "A Mansion on the Hill," succeeded in 1948, the class, mostly thymous and sugar-faced, seems painted, spooned. Earle explains that Spraggins's Freehold, New Jersey, neighborhood was full of Texans who'd come north to find factory work.

Earle's point is that with the advent of

theIndex **Three Things You Should Know**

1 An Album You Shouldn't Skip If... **Logic's** *Control* is hailed as the most honest from man since Jay-Z and his best journey? For *Control*'s first day, you start with a heartache song, then a love song, then a piece of techno. **Neil Young**, *On the Beach* In *On the Beach*, Neil Young's new album is a collection of songs that are as much about love as about life. **Logic**, *Control* *Control* is a collection of songs that are as much about love as about life. **Logic**, *Control* *Control* is a collection of songs that are as much about love as about life.

A Bitter Tea Illinois' federal and state police are investigating the deaths of the state's last two victims of all-terrain vehicle (ATV) fatalities. A 29-year-old man, a resident of the state's capital, was killed by an ATV on a road near the state's capital. The man was killed by an ATV on a road near the state's capital. The man was killed by an ATV on a road near the state's capital. The man was killed by an ATV on a road near the state's capital.

Score Concerts You Should See The best 5 concerts for 2014 are a closer to customer wishful—around **\$60—\$80** right at **Madison Square Garden** for **James Taylor** on June 12. And you're looking for a hot act at 80s nostalgia (think the Cure on the special tour June 24, also **Phish** at Lincoln Financial Field 1 week 1, **U2** 1) and would prefer a more by taking place in a available in

mean I thought, great for the Pharcyde and all '80. Missing Old Park, Wynton Marsalis, a hard rock thrash—let's place it properly in their history. 3.77 3.71 9.00

do it in such a way that it can have an effect or make a difference, but I do. I learned how to do it that way from other people that did it."

He's trying to teach it the same way now. The basic text for Earle's course is Harry Smith's 1952 *Anthology of American Folk Music*, the Dead Sea Scrolls of American popular music, an eighty-four-song hard-to-find bible of a nation's unskilled, knocking, outlaw heart.

Earle's serving up Springsteen to tonight's class, lumbering across the room like a bear, taking cues from the *Noblesse* album and alternating them with songs by Dylan, Chuck Berry, and Mark Williams. What he plays Summer's "Mama"

on the Hill," and follows it with Mack Wil-

place, or in, that when making a gear you gear is that it can fit a heart anywhere with what the song-writer was looking—and that assisting that song requires learning what to fish from those whose songs spread your own ears to the wonder.

"These songs from Nebraska," he adds in his barbed-iron cawing, "what do they have in common? They all sound real, really honest."

Each all around. And then, because class is nearly over and because he simply can't resist, he plays them Williams's "I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry."

Earle makes an excellent during the last verse, his head cocked up as the ending as Williams means, "The silence of a falling star / Lights up a purple sky / And as I wonder where you are / I'm so lonesome I could cry."

"Best song ever written, period," Earle whispers. "The silence of a falling star"—he looks from face to face—"that's the best line I've ever heard."

HANK WILLIAMS DIED on New Year's Day 1953 in the backseat of his Cadillac at the age of twenty-nine, of what they called "an apparent heart attack." Townes Van Zandt died of the same sweet plague on New Year's Day 1997 at the age of fifty-two. He wrote great songs like "Pancho and Lefty" was a number-one duet for Willie Nelson and Merle Haggard, but he was largely self-taught and his wordsmithy consisted of drink.

Steve Eadie hasn't died of an apparent heart attack—but not for lack of trying.

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music

He's been scalped in a car wreck, choked with a nightstick, beaten bloody by the cops after his Glock popped out of his waistband during a scuffle and fired twice when it hit the ground—and he's been married and divorced six times. "I believed that it was gonna last forever every time," he laughs now.

Born in Virginia, the son of an air-traffic controller, he grew up all over the South. Left school in San Antonio at sixteen—his uncle Nick, his mother's half brother, only five years older than Stew, had already ransomed him on to guitars, rock 'n' roll, and hard drugs—and attached himself to a flock of vagrant Texans (Roy Clark, Wynne Jenkins, and Van Zandt) who were folk poets of drink and disillusion, not to mention extremely poor literary models.

"It was real-live Old World-style apprenticeship," East recalls. "They really did care about my development as a writer. With Towson, it was, 'Here, you need to read *Surely My Heart is Wounded*—and while you're at it, read *War and Peace*.' So 'Part of what I'm teaching this class is the idea that if you wanna write songs on a level that approaches literature, then there's certain work that you have to do. You have to get your ass into a library every once in a while. You're probably gonna have to read."

After a couple of years' scrutiny on the coffeehouse circuit, Earl noticed his teachers' steps to Nashville. And, barely sixteen, he discovered exactly what they had found there: Music Row was its young. Successful young talent pen song-writing contracts, and their songs are almost never made. In two years, Steve Earl saw exactly two of his songs recorded—by other artists. He got a reasonably EP on an independent label in 1962 and was signed by Epic, which dropped him two years later without releasing one note.

Then came what Eads calls Nashville's Great Candidacy Scare of the Mid-1980s: So desperate for sales and fresh blood that even the major labels became willing to produce unproven sounds, MCA Row opened its arms to artists like Eurythmics, Dwight Yoakam, and Lyle Lovett.

Earle's problem, fueled by his raging drug addiction—by the time of *Gunter Town*, he was smoking crack and shooting speedballs and Delacchi—was his refusal to trot placidly down the Kenny Rogers Trail to country stardom. His second album, 1987's *Earle 6*, was louder and angrier than *Gunter Town*, worse than that, in the eyes of the industry, he refused

to put a photo of himself on it, feeling that it would disfigure his hand, the Dicks. Worst of all, it didn't do as well commercially as *Gunter Town*.

Tarlie's car started was Crippenhead Road, and it was a brilliant piece of work, a scorching-hot song cycle of violence and redemption, but Ninkovic no longer wanted anything to do with him, and there wasn't much left of Earle himself beyond his drug habit and his songs. He was buried repeatedly—weapon charges, riotous charges, drug charges—and spent tens of thousands of dollars on lawyers to keep out of jail. He looked like dirt hung on a stick, and though he still had his house near town, he began to spend nearly all his time doing dope runs in the county and crack houses in south Nashville, coast-to-coast once a week to Denver.

Things got so grim that Tower Van Zandt, who was himself coughing up blood by then, rode in from Texas for a one-man intervention. Earl came home after capping one night to find his old friend sitting on his living-room sofa, drunk, cracking one of Earl's guitars.

"You look like shit," Van Zandt told Earl.

There

"Your arms look like steel."

"I know."

^a"We got clean needles!"

— 1999 —

1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 26

^a Only—WTEOL[®]

Earle finally hit bottom last in 1994. After failing to appear in court for sentencing on a prior heroin charge, he was sent to prison, then into a drug-treatment program, then back to prison. He had his epilepsy in treatment, on the morning his doctors came to see him.

"I really had every intention to be using as soon as I got on the street, until that day. That day, I all of a sudden realized that I hadn't scored my purpose to death for the first time in years. They had some hope, and I could feel it. It was contagious. I decided maybe I could do it."

It had been four years since his last studio album, and when he left jail, he got right back to work.

"What happened to me didn't have anything to do with the music business," Earle says. "It had to do with the fact that I was an addict, and it would've happened anyway. But I managed to write a lot of it down. That's the best that you can hope to

come out all that." As Charlie Parker once said, if you haven't lived it, it won't come out of your horn. Each lived it.

Hermes is the only character

The only gift the darkness brings

However is the only thing

—“OCCMR,” Jerry Eas

STEVE EARLE'S SMOOKING a pipe, which seems kind of funny. The last time I saw smoking a pipe with tobacco in it was Ward Chaver. "It's a lot easier on me than cigarettes, and I really, really needed to quit. It was great" to where I couldn't breathe."

"There's already been some go-rounds,"

Justin had died earlier when I'd asked about the legacy of addiction, "but he's gonna have to make his own way as far as that. He didn't finish school. He's a really phenomenal guitar player, and he's also smart," I write. He seems a long lost week that I wouldn't put on one of my records. That's part of what this trip's about—Justin grows out on his own, and me sorts bear' around to really get worried about it. I like the idea of him going through a period of develop-

When Transcendental Blue comes out, Steve Earle and the Dukes will hit the road again, he hopes, his short-story collection will have been published and the Karla Faye Tucker play finished. And when the year ends, he plans to form a chap-

ater company in Nashville. "I wanna call the series 'Shakespeare for White Trash,' he laughs. "Everybody else is a little squeamish about it. The idea is you take all the seats out, sell bare digs and beer. If you can't make the average person understand Shakespeare, you're not training it right."

He smokes his pipe in the adway, takes a breath. "I gotta slow some things down, but I kinda have a life. One thing is for-freakin'-another. I'm at a point where I really need to function in an arena where I'm not so sure of myself. It's that simple. I don't wanna go to sleep." ■

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The Esquire Guide:



It's the beach—well, it
shouldn't be. Photo by
© 2005 by Paul Smith

Beachwear

AH, THE BEACH—surf sand and surprisingly
bad clothing. We don't know who, but somehow it's
possible for a man who has impeccable taste in har-
ness steel to think that a pair of knee-length jeans is a
psychological print and a pair of drag-queen-bought sun-
glasses that'll make him look like an off-duty member of
CIBAB are the perfect accompaniments to that newly
bought BMW C1500 and the beach house in Watch Hill.
Now listen: we know, the beach can be a little tricky in-
volving, particularly if you've laid off the five-to-five a
while, but trust us—we're not going to divert attention

away from what a season of two bodies can do to
your body by looking like Boris the Clown on holidays.
The trick (and it isn't really a trick, you can and should
apply this to most everything) is to keep it simple. A well-
proportioned pair of swim trunks, sunglasses that both
complement your face and keep you from getting cast
as an acting coach in *The Ray Charles Story*, and some
sunscreen that'll keep the phrase "Oh, yes, sir, the re-
cology ward is down the hall to the right" a figment of
your imagination are really all you need when sitting
[include in Ka-pow! that, and probably another verb]

Swim trunks

The best swimwear, not unlike pants-as-a-swing, arrives far inland. On one end of the spectrum lie surfer's trunks, with an exaggerated length that makes them the aquatic equivalent of loafers. On the other end, bikini briefs, which leave nothing to the imagination, is a particularly inspiring strip. The swim trunks shown here follow a Zen-like middle path. By using a classic cut that's been updated with new fabrics and colors, they're not so long that you'll look like an extra from *The Endless Summer*, nor so form-fitting that you'll be sporting a banana hammock.



a.



b.



c.



d.



e.

a. 100% cotton, \$45 (Saks Fifth Avenue). b. 100% cotton, \$45 (Saks Fifth Avenue). c. 100% cotton, \$45 (Saks Fifth Avenue). d. 100% cotton, \$45 (Saks Fifth Avenue). e. 100% cotton, \$45 (Saks Fifth Avenue).

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Esquire's Things a Man Should Know {About Sex}



It's about her
crotch, when it's
about her

Which is to say that
by far the most crucially
important thing to know
and to remember at all
times, for the rest of your
functionally pragmatic
life: Your primary objective
must be to make her very
very happy.

Because it is easy to make
you happy. You can do that all
by yourself—even with one
hand and behind your back.
Now then: begin at the neck.

Samira says that she wants
to take you to bed. There are
no surprise signs that she
wants to take you to bed.

Good signs that she's con-
sidering it: the laughs at
your jokes, smiles most of
the time, pretty much every-
thing you do to show the crotch
enough to engage you, and it
isn't really enough to dis-
agree, frowns you, usually
every now and again.

Handing you her panties under
the table at the restaurant
might mean something, too.

Good signs that she's not
considering it: she seems
distracted, doesn't smile,
contradicts you a lot, leaves
the bedsheet.

Aggressive behavior for
womankind: bad. Stop it.

Appropriate enthusiasm for
nearly any thing: good.

Wah, wah, it's better than Mr.
Winky.

Mimic a tone: French for
"In your dream."

Never use the word when
course winds you're asking
for directions to the town of
Pittsburgh.

Never use the word crotch.

Never use the word crotch.

You never use the word
crotch, because anyone
who would consider using
the word crotch, including
Bob Goldberg, does not
deserve to be making it.

I promise: never use the phrase
"make it."

Because you'll sound like a
dork, that's why.
Not the word love.

Because however virily you
have taken off her blouse and
no matter how important the
plot of your "memorandum,"
life is not a romance novel!

Use the word partner when
ever possible.

Just that was a joke.
Carnegie and sex: not unless
you're being paid.

When Carnegie said see
Hug, it's your speedboat.
Johnny Lee.

Spouting of spontaneity is
impaired that sex is not a date.
Nor is it an endurance contest.
Yes, it is.

But, only up to a point—her
point, mostly.

On the other hand, sex can be
forced at as a game, though
not as a competition.

That said, if you are keeping
score and you find yourself
in the lead, let her catch up.

Then let her win.

If you win more often than
you lose, then you, sir, will
find yourself on the less-
sophisticated market real soon.

Anything that gets her in
the mood to happily even
ask: Even shopping when
the wheels into Iraq. The
McClintock Group.

Playing dirty while: white
possibly effective, is a bit
transparent. Likewise: Rocky
Music. Try only in Montana.

Playing for with two of the
cynics: white possibly effec-
tive, is wrong with a capital
Wrong.

Frequent, feeble touches to
her arm, hand, back. Yes, do
that.

It is best to go slower than you
want to, especially on first and
third dates.

When kissing: Your eyes are
closed.

When kissing: Your mouth is
closed, mostly.

When kissing: Your tongue
should neither behave like it
could clean and guard that lip
up at a ladyfinger's lip about
nor should it try at her tonsils
like you're on the soccer field.

She's not disinclined to enjoy
having her inner face touched
with saliva, for some reason.

Slithering: everywhere may be
okay.

How to remove a blemish from
someone else: generally, clasp
either side of the clasp and pull
the sides together, which should
leave the blemish to disappear
from the eye.

Some guys can do this with
one hand.

These are the same guys who
saw faced with a frontal cap
don't panic, but quickly adjust.

But before all that: Show your
face. And only your face.

Because A, few-dick shadow
fence like camouflage, and B,
chest drawing is practiced by
infected Irish step dancers.

For similar abstract related rules
see on Cerebras is a flawed idea.

Adopting too similarly flavored
sex on airplanes, sex on 20-and
less, sex in swimming pools,
sex in old growth wilderness:
you could tell and break some-
thing that ought never break.

When it's good to hear laughter
when you're talking a joke.

When it's not good to hear
laughter upon your disbelieving.

Just fans: spin remains, public-
television watchers: concert
attendees, who think who lack
confidence in the president
are among the most sexually
active Americans.

Catholics are more sexually
active than Protestants, but
neither group is as active as
Jews and agnostics.

Woody Allen is a Jewish-kissed
agnostic jazz fan who attends
concerts, almost certainly
watches public television, and
has a wife young enough to be
his granddaughter.

Let's not think of Woody Allen.

People who smoke and drink
have twice as much sex as
those who do not.

Let's think about it: of
Elizabeth Hurley.



The telephone: what a certain
William Shakespeare said about
the drink. It provides the desire,
but also away the performance.

Then again, the lamp also said
I must dance ballet on her
wondering day and, for your
look to get head spent in bed.

He was brief.

To break his ash in your home,
call it divorce, not pain.



The G spot: an interior region
to which some women enjoy
having special attention paid,
and about which some women
couldn't care less.

How to make her happy in the
spot and, of course, as general
sex: not what the G spot.

That said, if you ask every
step of the way, you'll begin
to remind her all her good
colleagues.

Which, as spinning in a career
in female reproductive medicine,
was wanted to you is not a good
thing.

Performing oral sex when not
loving from nasal congestion
could conceivably result in self-
loathing.

Remember it: not a problem.

Carman movements during
sexual congress:
discovered by the feeling
of the breast, call it result in
forgetting anything that
occurred during the act for
as many as twelve hours
afterward.

Sex: we've heard, doesn't
matter.

Yes, it does.

But not enough to justify
surgery.

Surgery: For God's sake, that
involves surgery.

Surgery also required, involving
surgery who will involve in the
manner of jokes and giggling
while you're under.

And as long as we're in on the
subject of genital mutilation
no persons.

Breakage: It would hurt you and
Oreos left out.

And if it wouldn't keep her out
that's probably because she has
a career but back something
which is oughtn't be should
shudder.

Some people say sex is like
pizza—that even when it's bad
it's still pretty good.

And if I like to tell you what those
menervous are, but we don't
remember.

Vegete has allowed men who
would never have been able
to become men: in fact, became men stars.

It's also allowed Bob Cole to
become a TV producer, which
totally gives us the relief.

Men stars don't have as much
fun as you think they do.

Bob Cole apparently has more.

Yikes.

Peaks that's a percent of trained
people that on their spouse
each year.

At present of that 5 percent is
Mike Jagger.

Remember: we've heard, sex jobs.
Women: "I got you broke after
sex" again. "I got you broke—I've
never broken you."

Sex is just a figure of speech.
You do it with a possibly
unpleasant, but a desirable
sex, but it's not a figure of
speech.

Sex: we've heard, doesn't
matter.

Yes, it does.

But not enough to justify
surgery.

Surgery: For God's sake, that
involves surgery.

Surgery also required, involving
surgery who will involve in the
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esky

W

THEY'RE DANNY MARY ANDER DAD. He's dumped us here in adult hood, trying to explain something of ourselves, and he's left us with nothing, nothing, nothing to work with.

If our dad had been Ken Titus, we'd have a lot of television show right now. Ken left his son, Christopher, with so much the drunken father-son dialogue the time he let his boy streak a penny in an electrical outlet as an object lesson, the 30-year-old showing he now defers with "It was only a BB gun." That Fox is promoting the program as a comedy is something of a surprise, but the truth is nothing but good-humored about the years of fatherly abuse. "How," Christopher asks, "can I be pissed at my life if I'm sitting here with a TV set?"

It's a lot easy to tell if Titus will make a whole career out of his dad, as, for example, Pat Conroy has. Last Father's Day, Pat went on for twenty thousand words or so in *Atlantic* magazine about how, in later life, his father, Don, won't quote the grack he was made out to be in *The Great Gatsby*. Back when the book was published, though, Conroy was less equivocal: "I had been preparing my entire life for that public unveiling of the ruthless beast who raised me," he said of that time. Dad seemed to acknowledge his failings at a screening of the 1979 movie of the novel. "If I'd beaten you once," he told his son, "you'd be a better writer."

Of course, the entire pop is a game of kinematics unto itself. Dad Dreah has starred in several of Sam Shepard's plays, from *A Lie of the Mind* to *Food for Love* to wherever the last line or so were. Susan and Ben Cherner each signed a book out of our old dad. Kathryn Harrison got totally fucked by her father, but she has gotten both a novel (*Thirteen* Than Water) and a memoir (*The Kiss*) out of it, so far.

Dad need not be the one to have produced the series, either. He is often the subcon—or "analog"—driving the creative process. Two TV seasons this year have posited that the success of two rock 'n' roll icons—Little Richard and Bessie Whitson—was due largely to the behind-the-scenes delinquency of their two dads. In his recent autobiography, U2's [G] I dated his arrival back to mothering his dad through his time when he was four. Tom Cruise told *Playmate* that he did need to whip baseballs at him when he was nine ("Sometimes, it is bit my hand, my nose would bleed, and

June



some tears would come up. He wasn't very comforting.") Marlon Brando's 1994 autobiography tried to explain a lot with "I was never rewarded by [my father] with a comment, a look, or a hug."

"Well, let us tell you about our dad

"We were often promised the belt, always by our mother and only after we had broken something worse than that twenty-five dollars." We would be made to wait in our parents' bedrooms, kneeling over the bed, pants down, until our dad arrived home from work. Our dad would come in, sit beside us, and with what seemed the greatest sadness, say he did not want to give us the belt and if only he knew we were sorry and would never do it again.... We always were and never would, and the belt didn't come off.

We never saw him drunk. He hugged us a lot.

He was always there for us, grandfather. He went to our plays and our ball games, and though we never saw any good in any of them, he always told us how proud he was. He was always telling us how proud he was, rather than to tell us our team; he expressed his disappointment infrequently, usually after we arrived home in a police car.

Our dad made it to our wedding twelve days after undergoing a quadruple bypass.

So Happy Father's Day, Dad, and thanks for nothing. We could have been an artist; instead we're just a person. M



"You're my prisoner," she said
and patted the leather seat

AT ITS CENTER, THE HAPPY LIFE OF

Diane Lane

HEARTBREAKING DIANE LANE, THE WOMAN WHO MADE A GENERATION OF MEN WISH THEY WERE MEN BEFORE THEY WERE MEN, IS AN ALMOST PERFECT STORM BY MIKE SAGER

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL THOMPSON

"A
ad then the neighbor's baby woke me up, an' I got from my head, and I'm like, 'Hello! Good morning! It's still dark out!' says Diane Lane, skipping blithely up the brick steps to her new house, trailing movie logic behind her like smoke. She is wearing jeans and jeans and a clingy, spaghetti-strap top, a fuzzy pink cardigan. Her shoulder-length hair, apparently natural, seems browned with streaks of honey, is pinned carefully atop her head. Wraparound sunglasses, no makeup. Furry and phone and keys crowding the bottom of her hands. Her voice is deep and smoky, her posture manly, the switch thrown about twenty minutes earlier when she pulled me up at my hotel in her little turquoise BMW convertible—a courtesy, the captain, designed to lend a sense of control, a fleeting comorbidity in her hectic life. "You're my prisoner," she said, flinging open the passenger door, a shot of cleavage, and patted the leather seat. "Help out! You can help us move the bed!"

The house is set upon a little hill in a quiet Los Angeles neighborhood, a very nice neighborhood. But when the night sky is dark, the rain is heavy, her yard, the raincloud of leaves spilling out of the garage onto the driveway "I couldn't go back to sleep," she confesses. "I was like, Okay, all right, all right. Fine. I'm gonna do the office. I'm gonna go right down there and sleep, because that's really more embarrassing stuff [typing on laptop]. I slept in there the other day and there was an accident every night right out. And this letter to Christopher that was hourly paid pages long, trying to explain why our marriage wasn't working. And I was like, Oh, my God! That's been sitting on my desk for how long? Oops! A little chuckle of embarrassment and "You know, posture is posture. There's such a little pressure he's in my life. But then I get down there and I looked at it and I'm like, I mean, I can't. I can't. I can't. I can't. I'd have thought I'd get paid enough, you know! When you go to and on the old place, you'll understand, it's nothing but stress. Oh, my God! Five-to-seven-long stress with pull-out drawers. And I had to leave it. My lovely house—how does it look? I loved that place. I just wanted to get my daughter's yard. That was my excuse. A non-excuse needs a yard. When I really think about it, I had outgrown that apartment. It had just become—ahhhhh! It didn't feel one at all anymore. And the metaphor of being in the house—people started giving me the about it. And I'm like, What? What? It's not New York! You wouldn't think twice about it. I'm from New York! But then after they said it enough times I started to wonder. My house. My very house. Raphael's house. And I started to think, Maybe they're right. Ah, for me, ah, *Amazons*. Question myself, right? What's the great. That's just great! What I love to say about Eve in the Garden of Eden was that God said to her—I always get that wrong. I love Eve—Eve, what Satan said to her was, Are you sure that's what God said? And that's all it took. A little off-kilter, and that was it. You question yourself once and you're lost. But you've got to live and find it again. You have to. You do."

She possesses moments, memories in her purse for a cigarette. She is a piece of a woman, all nerves and brittle energy, barely five feet six. Boyish lips, volcanic lips, low boned cheeks and jaw, easy smile—a pleasant beauty, more pretty-than-what-does than jewelry woman, a porcelain doll wearing pants, an off-the-beat woman. "It was late when everybody finally left," she confesses, lights up an American Spirit. "I was alone left in my kitchen. I felt like I was left on one. They're weird calling themselves *The Dears*, if you can believe it. And then I did my hand. I was an idiot. Blood all over the place! Took the skin right off. Great timing, you know? Typical. I was just sitting in for one of those moments. Everybody was finally gone. I'm in my new house. I got myself a beer. I went out to the deck. My dick. Under my trees, my stars. Overlooking my little patch of lawn. And I sat down in the lounge chair and I put my hand right onto the ranch—the meaty part of the church, the thumb part of your palm? And it went to-chunk and I was like, ahhh! And I sucked it, and I bit the piece of skin off that would have protected it. The giant *Gus* you engaged? All dentures and prosthetics. Gonna and touching and getting and drinking everybody probably and shaking heads. God! I'd have to find the person. I keep thinking. This is a phase. This is this time, it's this work—you're going through a lot. It's my daughter. It's the movies coming out, one after the other. It's my emotional life. It's this and that. That won't be... any... back. That's why they say 'Rustic peace' when you die. And it's like this a lot. Because in housework, you have people with leaf blowers—God forbid they should get together and agree to do it all at the same time."

Gig dangle from her lips, Diane lays the look to the first dose. When she first bought the place, she left a bit vulnerable about the prospect of having an entrance on the street. She is par-

ticularly conscious of security, though she says she's never had a bad experience. In public she's rarely recognized. If she is spotted, she's sometimes mistaken for someone else. She refuses to give out her phone number, she was particularly complained on one occasion when I returned her call, cell phone to cell phone—her number isn't supposed to come up on the digital display. Hoping for anonymity, she registered the new house under a different name. Come moving day, however, her plans were foiled. The neighbor across the back fence is a casting director. Next door, with the new baby, is a studio exec. Across the street is someone else in the industry. The previous owners of her house had a microphone installed on the ceiling so the alarm company could listen in. The neighbors are supposed to come in to meet it. So for they're called twice. You can imagine the situation on the street.

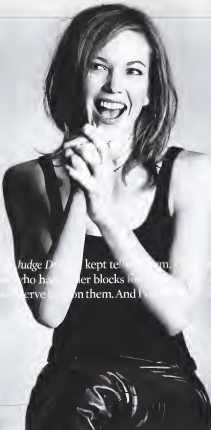
"It's always been kinda nuts," she confesses. "It always is. Thirty-eight lines. My dad says, 'What are you worried about? What are they do in you now?' You're here best to long they have to accept you.' But you've got to realize, I'm not thirty-five. I'm really fifty. I've already lived several lifetimes. Take the used-car salesman say, 'It's not the model, it's the mileage.' Wouldn't you have to be traded all for two reasons when you're forty? I mean, come on, you know? I'm coming around like a horse. It's not one more after another, but it seems like one more after another. You have to understand, what I do is this. And the effect it has on my whole life is chaotic. I love working. It's just all the other goddamn days up there? And then coming up top of that I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry."

She pushes on the door, open close. "Welcome to my world, an exquisite state of disorder." She smiles, proud of herself. "Emotional disorder! I like that, don't you? Take it down. You can use it for your story—the metaphor of the." She makes a graceful, sweeping gesture with one hand, a great show mannequin, a maestro of ceremonies, indicating the dusty corner of a movie in progress, a woman in progress—the parrot, tangled, outstretched drama of a life lived in the Hollywood heartland. First job at *U2*, *Melina* at *Google*. *Virginia* list on a movie set in *Durango*, *Melina* at *Google*. *Haystack* on a 130-foot yacht with the back from *Grease* and *Highlander* at twenty-three. Principal photography on a movie just twenty-eight days after the back of her shoulder. Diverse a few months later. Critical acclaim in the film industry just coming out, at thirty-five—child star no more in some scenes, useful lifelines added. She drops her stuff on the bed, marks the wound on her palm. "Make yourself comfortable, if you can. I've got to find the person before I die of gangrene."

"Ahhhh, ahhh, pressure..." She is sitting on the kitchen table, slumped very much like the subject of true love and her brother but that she has played in movies since her first, artistic, when she married with her *Lawrence Oliver* in *A Little Summer*. She has located the small brown phone booth she was seeking, though she couldn't find any other booth or any other suitable article of furniture, so she has removed the top of the porcelain, placed her wound directly over the opening, and upended the booth.

"You need *Gus* from *Lawrence Oliver* to cut it with a knife and work out the nerves," I suggest.

"Good. Diane says around. It sounds so. *Yagor Miroslav*. I



DIANE KRUGER: "I've got to find the person before I die of gangrene."

just did that, you know, here in L.A. I chose Bobby Driscoll. Bobby never told him that. Every time he sees me, he comes up and says, 'How about a poke, little darker?' Before I did *Letterman*. Dave, I never know how much of a compliment it was to be called a show-poke. It's like 'it's working!' She offers her palm across the table for inspection. Her hand is soft and white, a delicate blue vein running up the wrist. The privilege of looking on the stage, a now-looking little drive about the diameter of a pencil eraser.

"Are you usually roasting-ginger?" I ask, indicating an ethereal-looking orthopedic drape on the floor next to a vibrant dress, a silver hair bow, and a single blue boot.

"That's from the karate movies in *Judge David*. I did something to the pose in my knee. I hunged around the movie more."

"You looked gorgeous in that." I look at her. "You looked great in that." "Judge Kane—what was that called yours?" Ladies and gentlemen, the Kane Movie of Law Enforcement! I kept telling those, Do not put me next to Beaulieu, who had under blacked for glutes. *Condo*! *Black*! I mean, you could never look on them. And I'm like trying to grow an arm. When I was in school, I always hung out with the black girls. I always wanted that great bubble air. It was just never gonna happen. I'm an anatomy. And I have cancer, okay? But you can't blame me. You can't, can you? I always like to say that my life has been like learning to play the violin on the street corner, every body knows what stage of development you're at, you know? God! It's like everybody has an X-ray glasses for me."

She has been developing in front of me, in fact, for many years, beginning at age six, when she modeled her first look with La Milla Experimental Theater Group in New York. At *Invitation*, after a Little Rascals movie, she was featured on the cover of *Time*, which entitled her "Shocking blend of untutored brow, a brazen-guise-on-off persona, and a shy grin." Drawing comparisons to Natalie Wood and Grace Kelly, she went on to star in nearly fifty movies and has been a favorite of such directors as Francis Ford Coppola, Walter Hill, and Sir Richard Attenborough. After *Invitation*, she, *The Perfect Storm*, based on the best-selling book by Sebastian Junger, with George Clooney and Mark Wahlberg, opened on June 11.

Diane's grandmother was a three-armed Pinocchio! In 1957, Diane's mother was a Playboy centerfold, *Max* October 1957. I never met my mother, so I never knew. Colleen Peterson worked her nose in a game show marathon on TV's *The Big Bang*. Diane's dad, Bert Lane, ran a stage workshop with John Cassavetes in New York, Lane drove a cab, and later taught bartending at Gay College. When Diane was thirteen days old, her mom was in Juarez, Mexico, and gay address.

A postcard New York street artist who lived in a cardboard beneath the Fifty-seventh Street Bridge, a child actor juggling rehearsal and nightly shows with math homework and boyfriends, a frequent runaway. Diane lived most of her early life with her dad in a trailer home on Broadway. She spent five years as a full member of La Milla, which started the world's first summer. She went along, a weird of the company's twenty-something players, who traded off baby-sitting duties.

"I remember one time, we were in L.A. I was nine. We were under very strict orders not to give good looks to the photographs of the show that were everywhere. Photographs, portraits, vibrant paintings—everywhere. 'Cause they would cancel and they got your head off, you know?' And one day, they found it attached on in the bathroom. To being white. And blond. And for wearing these overalls that I'd made. In my hippie way, I'd cut them apart and sewed a diamond of material there to make them into a skirt. I was very fragile and able, even at nine. And pink hair was so, don't forget. This was the serious. Anyway, that embarrassed around my chest area, which in

headset was probably very cliché. Cause the women there were all white. Another Lane with his hair, flowers, where my nipples were. We were in the house in Texas, and I was laughing for a long, and I wasn't laughing, one of the actors was laughing for me—he had that great guy. I had a sex and big crush on him. I always read everything on his shoulder. So I was with him, and I was with two of the women in the company. Just was an African Indian. 'Woke was black. She had the most beautiful bosom, and she was playing every night the play. She played Cassandra, and she'd come out and look out and just screaming at God and they'd carry her away on a rope. Oh, my God! It was so tribal. It was tribal opera, with first choruses in not only light music. It was a strange place, that, the mix of them with the house—the guy with the bear head and a headband—and they'd get and there was that on her and she was naked and they showed her head and then he raped her right there, and everybody's getting and doing this chant, and I was like come year-old, and this was an angry dance. That was *The Tiram Women*. We should electric. At New York, L.A., all of the classes. I always played the child. And there always killed me, the innocent one. I was the death of innocence."

"So anyway, we were in the house, right? And I got pregnant. This was not a ghost. This was a violation. You know, in the crowd. And it happened and I started around and everybody's accepting away from me like they didn't know what was going on. Everybody's in there like. Everyone was innocent. And I suddenly got all just it. You know, like you're been dropped in something. That was when I was nine. Talk about your development of innocence." At twelve, Diane graduated to Joseph Papp's production of *The Cherry Orchard* (with Meryl Streep) and *Macbeth*. Papp considered Diane his protégée and gave her a platinum-and-gold bracelet with the inscription *SOMETIME*. Lane, when she chose Oliver and then over taking *Letterman* to Broadway, Papp broke it off. Complicating her life further was her selection for an unusual and program at prestigious Harvard College High School.

"One morning routine was we'd go to Dad's car, we'd go to the German gym open restaurant where all the cops and cops and regular folk would come drink mafia and tea, and then he'd drop me off outside the school. And I'd go in the building and he'd be waiting right, and I wouldn't even go to class. I'd go to the bathroom, run the bandage off, and go to sleep on the floor. I'd sleep three hours, sometimes for hours, and then somebody came in and woke me. And then I'd take the train home and sleep some more. The play every night, school every day—it just became more than my little body could. I'd finally had enough. I was miserable. The school paid me no notice that they were going to kick me out if I didn't get my grades up. I told my dad I didn't want to be an actress anymore. I really wanted to go to school and be normal. Finally I wanted to continue something to the world. I was into music. You know, the *Mervyn Goren* song. Remember the Indian crying on the road? I was very concerned about taking care of the earth. And I wanted to make some legislation that was going to help make it just really realistic. I had around all these twenty-year-olds at the study session, so I was kind of like a leader. I really wanted to do something, you know? But then a Little Rascals came up and that whole dream dissolved when I had to go. How could you run down Oliver? That's what my dad said. That's how my life was over."

By 1982, Diane was seventeen and had already made ten movies. In 1983, she starred in two Coppola films: *The Outsiders*, with Matt Dillon, Tom Cruise, Rob Lowe, and Patrick Swayze, and *Rumble Fish*, with Dillon and Mickey Rourke. Both films were roundly panned. As was *Screen of Fear*, an expected sex story, and Coppola's *The Cotton Club*, in which Diane played a way out of control Richard Gere. Though producer Robert Evans described her as "magical...she's an angel—like Pinocchio,"



she has been that "Whispering beauty of tomorrow's star."

the film was the biggest financial flop of the year.

The lack of box-office success had little effect on Diane's success in Hollywood. She was the girl of the moment, doing the hottest boys. A romance with Timothy Hutton gave way to an affair with Christopher Atkins (of *The Blue Lagoon*) and then to one with Scott Bakula (of *Star Trek*). Some say Bakula's life: "You Give Love a Bad Name" was written with her in mind. She says a woman "I never went out with publicly," she explains, picking up the lyrics. Then Diane met friends actress Christopher Lambert, the first boyfriend. From *Greyhound*, Diane had been asked by a French television program to co-star a *Cotton Club* dance scene with Lambert. Spas in L.A. "It wasn't love and it wasn't lust, but it was just something," Diane says. "I used to play with Christopher. They married you for all the things they're sending, not for what I'm giving." It was mostly selfish when I was married because he was going all the time. I felt like the man in black waiting for the guy on the street to take me off and make a woman of me. I just wanted to belong to somebody and have somebody belong to me in the old-fashioned way. In hindsight, I call myself a rock hound. I found the absolutely best likely person on the planet. I had to figure me what I needed." Their seven-month marriage dissolved soon after the birth of their daughter.

Since 1993, she has made fifteen more movies, starring in *Twelve Monkeys*, *Wildly Single*, *Black White*, *Johnny Suede*, *Love &; Lies*, *Wildly Single*, *Black White*, *Johnny Suede*, *Love & Lies*, and *Wildly Single*. Last year, after her performance in *A Walk on the Moon*, in which she played a conflicted Jewish housewife on vacation in the Catskills during the Summer of Love, critics started leaving again, comparing her to Bette Midler, calling her performance a long-overdue breakthrough. *New York* *Post* wrote:

"I love working. I really do. And I think I've grown better at it; I've learned to find the word. But I've also learned some perspective. I remember a time during the first twenty-two hours of my daughter's life, I was kneeling by the crib to make sure the boy was breathing, and I'm like, 'My body grew this and pushed it out, and now it has

its own heartbeat and it's drawing its own blood.' I realized that everything could go, hard! But I had, because I had that was important. "Some people fantasize me. They really worship at the altar of their career, you know? And it's something. It's sort of like sitting a table and waiting for someone to come along and worship—just all the places onto the floor. I never wanted that to be a support. Hell, I never even wanted that I was an actress. You look up and you say 'they're there and you've been doing what you do for twenty-some years. It's all I know.'"



he ran his dipped below the neighbors' roofline, leaving Diane little patch of lawn as deep as his head. As in her way she has remained on her heels to the respect lounge chair with the palm-cream cushion, this one to better effect. I sat on a plastic lawn chair by her head, a stepped in my hand. From across the back fence, from the creaking director's house, it might appear as if a therapist is paying a house call. For the first time all afternoon, Diane has flagged, the words have tumbled off. Her less usually motorized, speaking haltingly, one arm dropped over her forehead, a drawing covering her wound. "I've reached the point where I'm finally allowing sort of a cumulative acceptance rather than a constant state of denial, where you now, Rick A. Smith says of planning," she says. "No individual film is life-time achievement worthy, but it's the collection. People are beginning to see the body of work as a whole. That's what's important in the long run."

"You have to realize, making movies is the weirdest thing you could ever do. It's a continuum, but you're attempting to reach people's hearts in the dark, and there are so many factors that are out of your control. Sometimes there's a \$10 million element hanging on a body part, and everybody's looking for a body part, and you've got a star dangling in the center of your eye, and there's this helicopter pressing overhead and they can't get the shot. You try not to think in the elements of the moment. You have to take it seriously. And you have to act. This is what I do, you know? I can't talk to you as seriously. That's why I love to be in nature. That's why I wanted to run this house—a little patch of grass that I own. All the houses are in nature. You look at the way rocks are formed—the wind and the water hitting them, shaping them, making them what they are. Things take time, you know?"

We sit in silence for a while, watching a squirrel play in the branches of a towering acacia tree. "My squirrel," she says happily. "Myrtle. Isn't it wonderful?"

"Listen," I say. "I think we should call you a cat."

"Really?" she asks, putting up a bit.

"I think we're both tired."

"If you say so," she says, feigning disappointment. "I can take a nap."

"No. Not like a good sleep. You have to know where to leave."

"No problem! Really! I take dreamers out. Well? What?"

"You've been really nice to me for a long time. I know things are pretty hectic around here."

"Actually, by keeping you here, I'm avoiding the fact that I have to do something."

"You know a good cat company?"

"She's still going to help with the bed, aren't you?"



It started with a funny about this hip.

This Man Survived Breast Cancer

THIS YEAR IN AMERICA, FOURTEEN HUNDRED MORE WILL LEARN THEY HAVE IT. ALL OF THEM WILL BE SHOCKED AND DUMFOUNDED, AND SOME OF THEM WILL DIE.

BY TED ALLEN

This is a story about numbers. And then, decidedly, it is not. The first of these numbers is seven: one man plus one woman plus four kids plus a dog named Happy.

[Seven]

YOU PULL OUT OF PORTLAND, Oregon, that rainy old November late day headed by the Willamette River, that row of man and Powell's books and gold-rush hotels with Wild West murals in the lobby, and you head yourself toward the Pacific. Past the first place on Highway 26, where they developed the new one (all these clay, code name Capetown, down the lit road byways of Eosin and Windy's and Subway could be anywhere, U.S.A., and it is). And then, about twenty-two miles outside town, you're on Pacific Avenue in the suburb of Forest Grove, and you're coming in to a trailer park, and the street is wide and clean, and the yards are landscaped—one garden has painstakingly sculpted spindly topiaries—and there are those rows and rows of multicolored metal nesting planks and insurance on poles, must be a hundred off

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAN WINTER

them. And you reap in front of a blue double sofa, number 616, with a bare of mosquitoes can be for the women and a very covered arillo and a varnished open sign hanging by two little chains from the pool's roof. And into the sign has been carved, in cursive, the words "Lycoris! Dica."

This is the house of Dase and Terina Lyons. And you find, after knocking on the door and being admitted to the cozy living room by a seven-year-old in his pj's and a two-year-old Labrador retriever, a big, loving, chaotic family. There's the two foster kids (Lycoris and Dica), whom we'll call Miranda and Jack. There's Jacob and David, their natural-born sons (fence and seven). There's Ashley and Raymond, whose couple is watching on their mother can go to work. Sex kids and a puppy, Three bedrooms. One psyche. There are sounds of computer games, talking, and occasional threats of milder outrage; there are shelves teeming with National Geographic and videos and toys; there's Dase's collection of His Wholesome—be especially from purple ones. There are Olm Mole portraits of Jacob and David arranged in a row on the wall, both looking left and upward, toward a third portrait: Jesus. And on a blue love seat, the closest thing to a sofa that will fit in the crowded room, is Dase and Terina.

Dase has positioned his right arm upon the back of the sofa, with his forearm bent at the elbow. He floats his fingers as if he's cradling a square baby. He does this with his arm, with the spurring, for hours on end.

David Byrne Lyons is three or four years old. He is self-spoken and gentle, and he makes a goofy noise of his own. He's possessed of a bright aspect and airy, thinning black hair, wears blue jeans and a purple T-shirt and glasses and Nike. He grew up in Fremont, California, where his father was an electronics technician and his mother served it up in school cafeterias. He and Terina were married in 1986 in a quiet chapel in Brea—the kind of place where you return the plastic bouquet after the ceremony—and kept it a secret until they could afford the deal with a church wedding later that year. "We had a double book," says Terina, "so it wasn't over-entire." They are both devout Seventh-day Adventists, and they are no meat and milk and smoke and drink. Dase works in the class-1 "clean room" at Intel, where you will find only one half-million of dust per cubic foot. There, in a white Govt. Tech heavy suit (that's what he calls it: his "housey suit"), he works out the microchips that have powered the nation's techno-revolution. "Mostly what we do is we put the wafers on the machine and push start," he jokes.

They are the most regular of American families, a living family, a safe-of-the-earth, growing sort of family, as you can plainly see, and things are pretty good.

But it's been rough these past three years—very rough. The warning signs, they came way, way back. Back when Dase was just a teenager. And the signs, despite Dase and Terina's desperate efforts to get around, they were far too guarded.

LEFT: Breast cancer survivor Dase Lyons underwent a mastectomy and mastectomy, in which the breast tissue was removed from the chest. The surgical incision that stretched from sternum to navel. **OVERLEAF:** Michel de Witte's director of his career, and under the same procedure after reading at Lyons's night in this local paper.

[Two]

BREASTS: YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT despite your possession of a Y chromosome, you have them. Two of them, most probably. They may not be perky or pendulous, nobody is missing them to pouches or proposing to shake your tree. But you have them. Call them peas if you like, but your personal moods, the ones that power your basal arm strength, including push-ups, the ones that wrap around your rib cage, these are just part of the picture that makes up the hope entry we know as your chest. On top of these moods is forty tissue. That forty tissue, between the waistline and the ribs—these are breasts. Your breasts.

[Two-Point-Two]

SEE: THERE WAS THIS LUMP. In Dase's chest, right side. Finkles at first. He noticed it to his doctor, who examined him in a x-ray, or something or other. Days got those in puberty, they go away, don't get a second thought. So he never gave it a second thought.

Not until quite a few years go by. Not until the day in early 1990 when he is driving to work and notices that his shirt is sticking to his chest, wetly, on the right-hand side. He reaches down, checks, and is on his hand. He reaches again and squashes a little, to ascertain whether the lump is coming from where he thinks it is coming from. His nipple.

It is.

After work, he brings it to Terina's attention. She looks. He squashes and more pinch and comes out.

Oh, my God, she thinks. What's happening? Something, some shape in her stomach she will later describe it as a heavy ball of dread. She wipes away the fluid with a tissue.

The doctor sees him a week later and for weeks him to a specialist at breast diseases. What the specialist in breast diseases tells her: Dase's got it. A second thought.

The patient will persist, with each new job and each move and each insurance change and each new GP—four doctors, right years, a mixture of HMO insurance.

And eventually, Terina says, the push-pull from one medical professional after another makes hold and causes the ball of dread to throb, to bleed.

And then, in late 1997, Lyons is roughhousing with his boys, and he finds himself pushing them away from his right side because somewhere along the line, part has come into the picture—a thinking of the radiation from the prostate area to his right arm. And then there's a doctor from a Round Table Pizza, which happens to play basketball for Jack, one of the two boys, a son between the girls and a son and a wife, and Dase, looking for it, brushes the right side of his chest against a shiny counter. "The only pain I can think of that comes even close," he recalls, "is getting hit in the stomach."

And Dase is worried. And Terina is worried. And this time, they resolve, something is damn sure going to be done.

An appointment is made, and Dase drives to a clinic. There he is told to put on a gown, open to the front, which feels strange. He's a man, after all, he goes to the swimming pool without a shirt, why not here? But he complies.

Perhaps you're not aware of this. A man's margin is achieved by stepping up to a machine with a hard plastic clamp, a sort of vice. The breast is pulled into the clamp by a vacuum and held there. The clamp then squashes down, flattening the breast so that

Two
Man
Too





ONE SHAMMIRAM Liverpool's first hip tumor in November 1992, shows a small, bulky mass measuring about 2.2 centimeters in its right breast

world over? You did not know that?

Don't feel bad. Your doctor doesn't know, either. Even breast specialists don't always know, as Dave Lyons learned.

In his entire lifetime of practicing, doctors see, you guess, general practitioners might identify one case. He will be shocked and astounded. He will telephone his colleagues. He will not know what to do. Why this uncertainty, this lack of information? Simple, really. "You look for common things, commonly," says Portland oncologist Ralph Wharton.

"Men, they feel a lump, they don't know they can get breast cancer, they go, they see their doctor, he doesn't know men can get breast cancer," Borgen says. "The doctor tells them, 'Well, let me if it goes away. Come back to see me later.'"

If by the numbers, from a particular way of looking at public health—and this is a truly scary number—male breast cancer is a completely insignificant disease. More than 180,000 women will be diagnosed with breast cancer in the United States this year. Forty thousand will die. By contrast, the number of men who will contract the disease is about fifteen hundred, with four hundred fatalities. Most people are killed by falling off roofs or scalding each year. If Borgen's sample of 140 patients sounds small, it is, though it's also much smaller than breast cancer patients than any other facility in the United States has treated.

So is the yet another demand, doctors' time needs to worry about catching? Not really. Not much. But a little.

When boys and girls are still in the single digits, their breasts are usually the same—undeveloped ducts just under the nipple and areola. At puberty, girls' ovaries produce hormones (notably estrogen) that cause the ducts to grow and lobules (milk glands) to form at the ends of the ducts. The lack of an ovary prevents this growth from happening in boys. But they miss those estrogen, atrophied ducts.

Women have vastly more breast cells than men, which is part of the reason why they're much more susceptible to breast cancer. But men aren't home free, particularly men with a family history of breast cancer (even among female associates) and men with the common disorder gynecomastia (an enlargement of the male breast) or the rare genetic condition Klinefelter's syndrome. Age is also a risk factor (older patients are diagnosed in their fifties and sixties), as are exposure to radiation, liver disease, and estrogen treatments, such as those used by prostate-cancer patients and transsexuals.

The causes of breast cancer, as with most cancers, are not fully known. Some breast cancers are related to inherited mutations of the genes that suppress oncogenes. Estrogen and other hormones are thought to play a major role; most breast cancers arise from these hormones. Ironically, the whole reason Borgen became interested in male breast cancer in the first place was the potential side research into hormonal differences between the genders could offer.

The good news: Male breast cancer is often easy to detect. It always occurs noticeably behind the nipple, or the milk ducts that, because men are men, never develop. So that's where you look. (In women, cancer can occur behind the nipple, but far more often it embeds in the upper lobes of the breast, closer to the areola.) Sometimes male breast cancer causes inversion of the nipple. It may cause swelling there, too, although that happens in only about 20 percent of cases. "A bloody nipple discharge in a man who hasn't had any history of trauma is breast cancer about 90 to 95 percent of the time," says Borgen.

Yes, harmless cysts are common enough that it's hardly worth fretting to get around mammograms every year and biopsying every guy who comes into the doctor's office complaining about a lump (swollen, hot, or angry). What's needed is something simpler for most doctors to become at least fairly aware of a constellation of symptoms. You figure, male patient, in his fifties or sixties, family history of cancer, premenstrual mood behind a nipple, gynecomastia, let alone nipple inversion or bleeding—"these should all play a role in someone's index of suspicion," Borgen says. All of the above, he says, "You should set off a lot of bells, buzzers, and whistles." That's all.

[Two-Point-Two, Part Two]

DAVE AND TERRA spend Thanksgiving 1997 with Terra's parents. They had no need to mention the impending surgery, basically an investigative liposuction. It is scheduled for December 5. The surgery is in no particular hurry.

On D-day, the doc is almost jolly, despite his conviction that the Lyonses are wasting that time and, more important, his life. He performs the liposuction. Local anesthesia. Dave feels no cut or pain, though he does find a touch of nausea, it turns out. He hears three sounds: the incision machine, the snapping of sutures, the clanking of instruments on a tray.

The procedure: a lump of flesh, size of a grape. It's a dull word, lump, suggesting something soft, unexciting. Another term, mass, looks equally vague, barely distinguishing, maybe, but clinical. Growth, that's where this mass. Cyst sounds like something disgusting on your face that doesn't belong, but harmless, something that's removed and forgotten.

And then there's tumor.

"Oh, yeah, that's fine," the surgeon says. "I'll be able to tell you this is not cancer."

Seven days pass.

On December 16, there is a chemical spill at the local plant Dora, being a member of the emergency-response team, Dave protective suit and helps clean it up. Wearing the suit causes a man to react prodigiously, so when the job is done, Dave's expensive work clothes members leave for a shower. Dave reaches the trailer about seven, arrives up, and sits down at the kitchen table with Terra. It is a pity an surprise for her: Dave really comes home in the middle of the day. The phone rings. Terra answers. It's a man. He asks for Dave. It is the surgeon.

"And so I reached the phone to Dave and I just collapsed in a chair," Terra says. "Dave sat down and his face just turned white. I mean white as a sheet. If I could have held down any more, if I could have fallen off the chair—I was just in shock. I didn't even have any words. I couldn't say it was just too... one-shocked-to-say-it I guess."

And I said, "It was cancer?" And he goes, "Yes." And we just sat there looking at each other

Numbers

Percent of patients who get breast cancer, according to survey of the male breast-cancer patients treated at Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, New York, November 1991 until 1997

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"I said, 'Thorey, you can't go back to work.' He said, 'I have to go. What am I gonna do? Be around here and suppose I die?'"

Terra tried to hold out to start crying. They stood there hugging each other for probably five minutes. And he said, "I have to go."

"You can't even describe the awful cold feeling you had, the sinking feeling, like a ship is going down," Terra says. "And I thought, Oh, my God, he's gonna die. And there's no way I can save my kids on my own. The kids are playing how do you explain to them that Daddy's got cancer?"

"All we knew was that they didn't get it all. There was still more there. The surgeon had been positive."

The second surgery, a modified radical mastectomy, comes without delay this time. It takes three and a half hours. The lymph nodes feel unusually large, the surgeon tells Terra. You better pray there wasn't cancer in those nodes, he tells her.

When the nurse removes the bandages the next morning, a huge lump of skin comes off with them. On the right side, there's there is not just fat, it's deeply undulating, purple and red from the trauma, ripples and ruts everywhere, two physical signs among swelling and swelling up to the armpits, from which a clear tube drains fluid into a bag.

After a time, the doctors and nurses leave.

Dave and Terra are checked and angry, the wounds leak drips to them.

"They took my nipple," Dave says.

The surgeon hadn't mentioned that.

[Minus Two]

TERRA WAS A TIME BUT LONG AGO at all when male breast cancer was commonly treated with a procedure called mastectomy—the surgical removal of the breasts, or mastectomy. There's mass, scale back the level of male sex hormones in the body, upon which many cancers grow and feed, and the cancer will regress, it works.

Hopefully, they can do that sort of manipulation some with drugs. But certainly any man who develops breast cancer will need a mastectomy, the removal of all the offending breast tissue, the nipple, and the areola. Of course, cancer is often not content to stay put. If it metastasizes through the lymphatic system, the body's "pool filter" network, it leaks down spread from the breast through a string of lymph nodes under the arm, those nodes must come out, too. And when you take out enough nodes under an arm, a condition called lymphedema can result, in which the lymphatic fluid that circulates in their arm has no nodes to except in. The arm swells, sometimes painfully, making manual work difficult. There's no cast, just massage techniques and compressive bandages that help force the fluid back out of the arm.

For many men, of course, the surgery is just the beginning. There's chemo and radiation, too. Lyons was lucky enough to dodge those bullets,

[Fourteen Hundred]

TALKING WITH DR. PATRICK BOURGON is like chasing a felon on a prep hall. He can square in a morning only got rid, sending from one appointment to another at Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center in New York. So much cancer, so little time—Borgen serves his days at sea or screen in the morning, arrives there on night or some tragic, late weekends. Most cancer doctors live like that. He has a house in the lower parts suburb of Bedford, New York, around the corner from First Street, doesn't see much of home, though his kids attend school with Gloria Clea's kids. He's been profiled as Biography's magazine, and he's been a guest on the Today show.

Borgen is the breast-surgeon chief at Sloan-Kettering's department of surgery. He is a nationally recognized authority in the field of breast cancer at one of the nation's best cancer hospitals. He has seen thousands upon thousands of breast-cancer patients since the 1980s and has treated thousands of their lives and has lost many, too, and of these thousands upon thousands, about 140 of these breast-cancer patients were men.

You are surprised to learn that men can develop breast cancer? That obscure disease that strikes millions of women the

but he got a nasty case of lymphedema—that's why he holds his arm awkward on the back of the couch, flexing his hand, supporting the lymphedema. And back into his nose. Considerable warts, both for him and his family, have been the side effects of his primary melanoma.

Four weeks after his mastectomy, Lyons was his oncologist for the first time. The prognosis: tamoxifen, a hormone treatment for breast cancer that blocks cancer-cell receptor sites for estrogen, upon which they would otherwise feed and grow. The drug is effective for many people, but it can cause serious side effects as menopause, hot flashes, sleep problems, lack of libido, constipation. "We read that the loss of libido was awful," Teresa Lyons says, "but the worst part was the mood swings and depression." Dave notes his eyes, his left hand shakes slightly. "It's been pretty hard on my life," he says.

Nine months after his diagnosis, Teresa's parents are visiting, staying with the Lyonses in their crowded motel. Teresa's vision is worse. Dave's plan that the step cleaning, scrubbing, washing. He blows up. "I told her that I didn't like having her in our house, and that she tried to mind her own business," Teresa says. More stress crying. Dave rips his arm from Teresa's grasp and runs out of the house onto a frigid night in a T-shirt. Half an hour later, she finds him pacing the block, still shirtless.

Around the same time: Tough day at the plant, another's going right, and the emergency-response team is called to perform an emergency drill. Lyons goes ballistic. He picks the EMT worker from his employee badge, storms up to his supervisor, intrudes the machine onto the supervisor's chair, and bawls. "I don't know how I got here!"

"I don't talk to anybody that way," Dave says, "much less my supervisor."

You've got to get this taken care of, Teresa says. You're going to lose your job, she says. You're going to run our lives because of your anger. The doctors up his nose go of Paul, an endocrinologist, and Lyons events end pretty well.

"He's still better under the collar than he ever was," Teresa says, "but it's under control now."

And his prognosis? As with any man, it should be no worse than it would be for a woman. The previously held notion that breast cancer is more deadly in males turns out to be largely a function of delayed diagnosis. Of medical ignorance. When that lack of knowledge is corrected, male breast cancer is exactly the same disease. "If you correct that delay," Berger says, "then the disease is every bit as curable, as treatable, as female breast cancer."

Dave had a long, long day in diagnosis. "There should not be a reason why men have an inferior chance for cure than women," says Dr. Weinerman. "It's not right."

[Thirty-three Thousand and One]

THE DAY BREAKS COLD and chilly on the hands of the Williamses on September 27, 1998, until 7:00 a.m. the Lyons family arrives in downtown Portland for the Susan G. Komen Foundation's 3K Race for the Cure. There are three thousand people there.

Weeks prior, they had been told that Dave could not compete because, by acclamation of the foundation's members, the race is a women-only event. "We're breast buddies," a member told Teresa Dave, clearly, it hasn't been, but Teresa is not crying still for this. She wears two and a half hours on a local radio call-in show. The host, Larz Lamm, is outraged, the callers flare. The foundation is embarrassed.

Dave is extended as an invitation to run as an "honorary participant."

The "honorary" thing gets him and Teresa, but they show up without with chips on their shoulders, and they bring more than \$200 that they've raised from friends and neighbors and people from church. Dave still has to handle the signs in order to get his hands on a competitor's shirt and end embroiled with someone—the volunteers want to give him a different shirt, the local news by sponsor. He was out.

When Dave was first diagnosed, he recalls, "I was not embarrassed to tell anyone." Now, at the race, he tries to keep the shirt tucked. "If anybody looks at me about it," he vows, "I will pull up my shirt and show 'em!" Along the route, a few of the onlookers point at Dave. "Nice!"

The Komen Foundation is a largely successful operation—that it now 100 cities looking Race for the Cure—is obviously a well-oiled machine. But its recent efforts, like that of the entire breast-cancer system—research, fundraising, public relations, psychological support—a breast cancer it is weak. The movement has been incredibly effective. Surgery cut the strongest lobby in the country, stronger than the NRA. But it appears unprepared to deal with the 1 percent of cases that happen to be male.

Recently, the John W. Nick Foundation, named for a Wall Street retiree who lost his life to breast cancer, started a ribbon honoring 150 men and women with the disease (it's pink and blue), but has never met any of them and Teresa Lyons left it alone in their struggle that they launched a support group, the Male Breast Cancer Community, in Portland, one of the few anywhere in the country. Its first meeting was in October of 1999.

No such endeavor has yet to take wing anywhere near East Rochester, New Jersey—at least not to Bill Sherman's knowledge. Sherman, a high school guidance counselor, naturally felt shocked and frightened when he was diagnosed with breast cancer in 1996, and he was left on a woman's group. "And I was—I don't want to say shocked, that's a strong word," Sherman admits. "But I never felt welcomed. I just didn't feel welcomed, so I didn't go back."

Even if there were more men's groups, there's this potentially sticky tendency toward traditional self-reliance and masculinity. "By far, men, 50 percent, lack up on phone and call other guys," says Berger. "They know, they say, 'Nah, I know a good urologist guy. I know a good surgeon, I know a good psychiatrist.' Men don't do things that sit alone. It's almost like asking for directions, now just don't do it."

Sherman is asked if he's ever met another male participant. "Most," he says. "Uh, no. Nope. I'm on the Internet, but I have no time to say."

Back at the 3K race, Dave makes it to the finish line, where the person who is supposed to record his time won't take his name. "Are you the person who's supposed to take that?" Dave growls. "Sure," the woman says sarcastically.

The fact that the fight against breast cancer has become something that women own is in large part a function of the fact that they have every right to even it. Just not exactly.

"I had worried telling me, 'We don't want you in this group. It's a women's thing,'" Teresa says. "I mean, even before the race was held over, we were feeling defeated. I didn't even want to join in the money."

But they did turn in the money. And Dave got a prize. And a short time later, they got a vastly better reward. The best possible reward. The most meaningful, inspiring, exciting outcome possible. Which is to say, through their actions, they quite simply saved a man's life.

[One (One More)]

INGENUE, OREGON, IS ABOUT TWO HOURS SOUTH OF PORTLAND. It has long been something of a hippie haven, during the sixties. WFO bookends in Seattle, Eugene and its stage their own hippie protest downtown. Richard Gilbert, though, he watched the protest on TV with something of a gleam in his eye, being that he's not a hippie, he's a sixty-year-old steel assets broker who carries seventy-year-old belly tires and drives a twenty-year-old Ford. He's also more, you type, candid for breast cancer than Lyons, being rather a fairly man of more advanced years.

"My daughter says, 'Did we've already dated if you're gonna do a better article, not care,'" Gilbert cackles. "She's very confident."

Also, Gilbert suffers from a case of gynecocarcinoma, a risk factor for the disease.

In late September of 1998, Gilbert was carrying his wife's sewing machine up a flight of stairs and bumped it against the left side of his chest. It hurt. Shortly thereafter, his wife, Nancy, recalls, he went to his doctor on a routine matter and mentioned the chest pain. "And the doctor said, 'Well, let's just watch it.'"

A few weeks later, the Portland Oregonian published a small story about Nancy's clasp with her for the Cure. The story got picked up by the Eugene Register-Guard on October 7. Gilbert read it once he broke it and found it to his doctor. The next day, the newspaper. "They ignored the hell out of me," Gilbert says. On October 12, the newspaper.

"Noticeable palpable abnormality just to the west of the pocket of the left nipple," the radiologist wrote of the tumor, about the size of a pea. "Should be biopsied—suspicious for malignancy."

It was. And it was. On October 23, the modified radical mastectomy.

Nancy, it should be noted, is not Richard Gilbert's first wife. The woman he was married to before, Rose, died of breast cancer. Her doctors also failed five years.

In part because of that, Nancy imagines, her husband decided to act early.

Still, the ingenuity of the activities of the Lyonses can't be overlooked. Because the male cancered couple—fairly political noble causes—were left out on participating in a women-only event and because they formed a support group and just that story into Gilbert's local paper and because he saw a local fund-raising doctor, a malignant tumor was detected and removed.

"I think we might have made a difference for a few people," Teresa allows.

Gilbert's lymph nodes turned out to be clear. He now will check in with an oncologist every three months for the next two years, every six months for three years after that. "I feel like I've been reborn because of this experience," Gilbert says. After his surgery, he dove up to visit the

Lyonses. He brought them an axilla and Mammography flashlight for the boys.

It turns out that Gilbert also is a *Sevensday* Advocate. Coincidence? "That might be the wrong word," Lyons says.

[Three, Six]

IT IS NOW LATE FEBRUARY 2000. A Thursday. Dave Lyons gets in his 1988 Chevy Celebrity and drives forty minutes to the oncologist, as he must do every three months. And afterward, he is advised that he has reached something of a milestone: the remission still, and now, for the last three years, he need go only every six months.

Lyons is incredibly fortunate, reliably speaking. Despite the fact that his cancer had a previous round of years to nudge his body unprepared, his doctors believe it did not spread.

"I believe that I was healed," he says. Of course, faith would be meaningless if it were easy. "This has, it's always there," Teresa admits. "This could show in my head again. We believe he was healed, but we also know that—reality—that it could come back."

Linda Jack, the four-year-old, interrupts for the umpteenth time and approval that Dave's. The boy's been living in his home for only a week already, he's calling them Mom and Dad.

"Dad," Jack wants to know, "where are my socks?"

"I don't know," Dave says. "Where'd you take them off?"

"I took them off in the bedroom."

"Well, they must be in the bedroom, then."

[Ten]

TEN NAMES. TEN MEN. Men who are fighting to have their lives. But doctors—the doctors that are men—have and who shared their stories with me: Bob Kins, Idaho, New York, Bob Jones, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Dennis, Oregon, Jack, Pennsylvania, Nathan, Hawaii, Spokane, Charles, Missouri, Littleton, Colorado, Stephen, Missouri, Woodstock, Washington, James, Kentucky, Carlos, Lakes, Alaska, William, Gold, Seattle. And one more in the Portland support group: Bob Miller and Lowell, Georgia.

[Eighteen]

THIS IS A STORY ABOUT MORTALITY. Five-year survival rate for men with breast cancer with no metastasis: 70 percent.

Five-year survival rate when spread to regional lymph nodes: 75 percent.

Five-year survival rate with distant spread: 20 percent.

Relative delay in diagnosis of men versus women: eighteen months. ■

FOR MORE INFORMATION ON MALE BREAST CANCER, VISIT EQUIMAN.COM/CANCER



Photographed by Tommie Schell/Out March 24, 2000; Ray Rostrom/Out

THE Greatest Generation

YOU NEVER WOULD HAVE EXPECTED Michael to get it started. Not when, as an assured, five-foot-eight-inch seventeen-year-old, he won the 1969 French Open in five grueling sets over Jan-Erik Edberg, the greatest generation in the annals of American tennis began to announce itself. Later, we'd meet Andre, a prodigy from Las Vegas who was a star years before he'd accomplished anything as a pro, and Pete, who would accomplish something as a pro before most of us had ever heard his name. After Chang, though, it was Jan Cooran's turn, and he told the most intense, shoulder-deepening forehand ever cooked up: How damn is a three-year span and a fifty-eight-mile-long hour-in-the-lock on the world number-one ranking. But just as Cooran started to fade in 1993, Sampras began his assault on greatness—on the title of Greatest Ever—winning twelve majors (including six Wimbledon) in ten years and becoming half, with Agassi, of what looked, in 1993, to be the tennis rivalry of all time. But Andre got demoralized, got married, got fat, and disappeared. Or so we thought. In the least expected comeback in tennis history, he reemerged two years ago to complete the most career slam in age twenty-nine with a victory at the French Open and went on to win two of the next three majors. Among the four of them, they have thirty-six grand-slam-final appearances in eleven years. Thirty-six. Sampras, Agassi, Cooran, and Chang. The most dominant, decorated generation of American players we've ever seen and will ever see. And after them...

Well, after them—nothing. Today, the highest-ranked American player under the age of twenty-seven is Jan-Michael Gambill, at number forty-six. The greatest generation, raised during the middle years of the seventies and eighties, has not inspired the generation that follows. They've been a bridge, but a bridge that leads from the era of Jack Kramer, Stan Smith, Arthur Ashe, Jimmy Connors, and John McEnroe to nothing but the rest of the world. ■

By Tom Junod

The Last Cop in Camelot

JOHN TIMONEY is a good cop, maybe the best cop, and despite the police scandal in Los Angeles and the killings of Amadou Diallo and Patrick Dorismond in New York, he knows that what a good cop can represent is the best of us

AFK, THAT ENIG

There's a story about that face, you know. About what he was willing to do with it . . . with that splintered knob of a nose, that shadowed dent of a mouth, that bull's-pen-eyebrowed brow, those brooding, guard-blue eyes, those flyaway ears, that whole topography of narrow and drink and creases, all capped by the redolent brown hair of a little boy, without a strand of gray.

It happened around 1994, when he was working in New York, at the very dawn of the law-enforcer age of policing. He had a problem. Cops in New York had been reluctant to use pepper spray as their nonlethal accompaniment. He wanted to demonstrate its power and at the same time to con-

vince civil-liberties lawyers in New York that spraying miscreants in the face with pepper spray was more humane than, say, bumping them on the head with a flashlight or a nightstick. So here's what he did: He offered up his face for the purpose of experimentation. He took a lawyer and a reporter up to the roof of police headquarters and had another cop spray him with pepper spray in the eyes and the nose and the mouth. Did it hurt? Hell, yes, it hurt, he was blind and so stinging pain for nearly an hour, but the effect was temporary, just as he said it would be, and at the time cops in New York were using pepper spray where once they had been using flashlights and nightsticks.

And there you have it, not just a story about a cop named John Timoney but rather what is known among cops as "a Timoney story"—a story about belief, about willingness, about nobility, about bravery, about acknowledgment, about pluck and indomitably and eventual triumph, in the effort to be a good cop. He's a good cop, this John Timoney. He might even be the best cop, and so a story about John Timoney—a Timoney story—might even be enough to make us believe again, in the year 2000, when we have started to question the human and moral cost of cutting crime, that a cop story can still be our story . . . that a cop story can still be a story that makes



a good cop because he's never been involved in a scandal? Is he a good cop because he's famous? says he is—because, as Berman says, “he’s seen everything like he’s in a car, good and bad, and has consistently chosen the good.” Is he a good cop because after thirty years of policing he is still alive? Is he a good cop because he tells other cops that their job is not to protect themselves or their partners but rather the public? Is he a good cop because the first thing he tells young cops is that only a coward beats a man in handcuffs? Is he a good cop because he expects cops not to sue one another but rather sue one another from committing acts that would require them to sue one another out? Is he a good cop because he knows enough about cops to say, “I know cops. I’ve spent my life around cops. Like cops. Just don’t trust cops.”?

Ask John Timoney, a New York cop for twenty-seven years, about the forty-one bullets fired at west African immigrant Amadou Diallo by four New York cops and he’ll deliver a reasoned and impassioned defense of their actions. And then he’ll say, “There’s one thing you can’t get around in that case, and that’s the fact that if Amadou Diallo was an immigrant from Belfast, Ireland, he’d be alive today.”

And that’s—*that’s* the problem with cop stories, and since Timoney is a cop, that’s the problem with Timoney stories, too. We can sit around listening Timoney stories all day without proving that Timoney is a good cop because he’s a cop, decent, and we can’t trust him because we shouldn’t trust him—because he’s got power and a 38-caliber strapped to his ankle and if he likes someone, people, well, so do he and cops, and if he’s got the numbers, well, so do he and commissioners. He’s a cop, and so he’s not one of us, he’s one of them, and just as cops have to decide to be good cops, we, the people, have to decide what defines a good cop, because we are constantly using that definition to reconcile our democratic anguishes with our need to live within the rule of law. We are defining ourselves when we choose what defines a good cop, and if John Timoney is indeed a good cop, oh, hell, the best cop, it’s because he knows what a professional choice we are making and wants us to consider him when we make it. If he’s a good cop, it’s because he wants to make an example of himself, just as he did when he wanted to prove that he, John Timoney, could personally arrest the boss of puppet Syria before he passed it to his perpetuator, it’s because he wants to show as the face of a man who understands as strongly as the possibility of being a good cop—as the possibility of doing an impossible job—that he’s making his own life as the proposition that being a good cop also makes him a good man.

ONLY SO TIMONEY SITS IN HIS OFFICE, in Philadelphia, in the ramshackle concrete 1970s storage police headquarters building called the Rosenhouse, and he gets this phone call. Now he gets a lot of phone calls as he sits in Philadelphia; indeed, come to think of it, basically all he does when he’s in his office in Philadelphia is get phone calls, and they all sound like this, lip-bloop, a shup, a flat, and gives the nature of his work and the confusion of human memory; they’re all generally pretty unpleasant, because if Timoney’s the most popular man in Philadelphia, that’s hardly because Philadelphia has no major problems, given that most people don’t call the police commissioners unless something bad has happened or a cop dispatched to do something bad wound up doing something worse, so whether his answering one phone call, or other phone calls keep coming, until the office is filled with an assepsis of shups and flats, a midleveling, unwhipped chaos of blips and bloops, each one representing murder and rape and rape and rape and car crashes and Chrysler Corollas and cops gang-bang and union officials suing to protect their jobs from Timoney’s work, and Timoney says in his sweet clear voice as he rises of all this 1970s work product deemed for the most part with pictures of himself, as his undertakings in the

Philadelphia Police Department call their boss, and he was jacked along a chair and he’s squaring around in his white dress coat, reaching around with a ruler as a pen for some unspeakable act, his collar opening his neck so tight that the blue stain look thick as honey, his feet resting only in variations of the rubber end of the telephone, screaming and ending pokes, while he seizes between spontaneous exasperation and a companion complaint, his bobby voice booming and rising into a tone of pure chaotic engagement—... and so saying, he’s in his office, and he gets phone call.

Rip-bloop.
“Commissioner, your daughter’s on the line.”
“Oh, Jesus. What now?”
He’s sitting at a table when he receives the call, so he has to cross

the room to get to the phone, and by the time he does—... well, something has happened, and it’s not good. By the time he gets to the phone, he’s not a cop anymore, or maybe he’s still a cop and doesn’t want to be, because his face, always a starling and optimistic virge of pink, has now crossed over into red, and his voice is flat and shivering and chattering and dead and not, under all that, plaintive and almost pleading. “Hello, Christine,” he says. “What? What are you calling me for? A dentist? Talk to your mother. Send us the bill. Goodbye, Christine.” He crosses the room again, sits down at the table across from his adviser, John Gallagher, who been talking about—... what? Abandoned aunt? The guy they awarded medals for shooting a man outside a gay nightclub and then had to let go when they realized he didn’t do it? Yeah, that’s it—... because John Timoney, good cop, acts in his department’s liaison to the gay community, and before the last lip-bloop, Gallagher had been asking, “Commissioner, have you called Gay and Lesbian?” Now, then, Timoney’s not thinking of community outreach, and when he lifts his face to Gallagher, it’s still red, but his forehead sets a mark of newly focused outrage, and his eyes appear to have shrunken from the inside out, like dark-blue marbles. “Calling me at four-thirty to tell me the needs money for the dentist,” he says. “Give me a fucking break. What does the dentist like? It’s like those newspaper that call saying they’re on deadline. How can you be on deadline? You’re a weekly!”

For a moment, he doesn’t make any sense. Newspapers? What newspapers? Then it’s clear. He’s turning back into a cop again, or trying to, but the story he’s telling is not a cop story nor a Timoney story, so all it does is expose in his throat other making a terrible sound.

ONLY SO THERE IS THIS STORY he likes to tell about the nature of police work. It’s about 1980, somewhere in there, and he’s a sergeant in Harlem, and one day he’s about to do roll call when the absolutely strongest woman comes in, a mother fresh out of the academy, and after looking around the station house, she says to Timoney, “I’m not supposed to be here!” And Timoney, understanding that he’s, looks around the same station house and says, “None of us is supposed to be here,” then tells the woman to stand and he controls, whereas she joins her partner and they go out to answer a call and come upon a man in the commission of the crime of desecration, and she’s never heard from again. And Timoney loves to tell this story—... Timoney may, sort of—more because he likes his own life than he likes the outcome, because in his own mind he’s not supposed to be here, re-

turned, and his career to a cop is a completely accidental one.
He’s not from around here, you see. He was twelve years old when he came to New York from Dublin, Ireland, with his mother and his sister and his brother, Cassin. His father, who had found a job as a doorman, had sent for them, but when he met them he was already sick with cancer and down in 120 pounds, and a few years

asked, and Nicholson said, “The police are,” and he was sitting in classroom the next morning waiting for the proctor when he heard a commotion in the hallway, and it was Timoney and the rest of the guys who had been drinking in the park the night before. They all took the rest, and that night Timoney listened to a local radio station that used to broadcast the answers of all New York City civil-



have he went back to Ireland to die, and the mother and the sister followed him and left John and Cassin in the apartment at Washington Heights in April Manhattan. They were American now, you see, and John named Cassin on his own, even though Cassin was still a high school and John was past eighth. He had a job washing dishes and he had a job washing trucks, and one night he was hanging out in a park with his friends and he offered one of his best to a guy named Brian Nicholson, and Nicholson said no, he was sitting a rest the next morning. “What kind of rest?” Timoney

service men, and when he realized that he’d passed the rest, he said, “Hey, I guess I’m gonna be a cop!”
So it took an accident to unlock his ambitions, and it took the encouragement of the collar to fuse the importance of freedom and responsibility, and pretty soon our collar led to another and Timoney figured he’d see how far he could go as the most authoritarian cop in the history of New York. No one was as if he was raising himself to see how usually ambivalent an Irish cop could possibly be, and so he became an (continued on page 154)



What I've Learned Julia Child

Chef, 87, Santa Barbara, California

INTERVIEWED BY MIKE SAGES

Pat gives things their

People are uncertain because they don't have the self-confidence to make decisions.

The measure of achievement is not winning awards. It's doing something that you appreciate, something you believe is worth doing. I think of my strawberry soufflé. I did that at least twenty-eight times before I finally conquered it.

Playing golf is what can throw off your stride.

It's all for hunger among the well-to-do. For comfortable people, hunger is a very nice quality. For something, it means you're healthy, and I love the anticipation.

Being tall is an advantage, especially in business. People will always remember you. And if you're in a crowd, you'll always have some clean air to breathe.

There is nothing worse than pulled vegetables.

Celebrity has its uses. I can always get a seat in any restaurant.

I was hired by my mother and good friends and told I shouldn't drive my car anymore. Actually, I find the car quite as silent as I used to be, and it would be awful to let somebody do now I don't drive, and it's real hell, because you can't rush down to the store and get a bunch of parsley if you have the wheel, or do something like that. It's just as if not driving, because you have to depend on other people. You get used to it, though. They have a bus here—I haven't tried it yet, but I shall.

A cookbook is only as good as its poorest recipe.

I have experienced religion. I think you have to love the neighbor as thyself. I think you have to pick your own God and become it him. I always say "him" rather than "her." Maybe it's because of my generation, but I do like the idea of a female God. I see God as a benevolent male.

Your motto is your makeup.

I'm awfully sorry for people who are taken in by all of today's dietary manbo jumbo. They sit out getting any enjoyment out of their food.

Moderation is still helpful, though a little bit of everything. There are the secrets of happiness and good health. You need to enjoy the good things in life, but you need not overindulge.

I want life to be a doctor's office the other day and all the people—you know the nurses and the receptionists and even the patients—were all of short temper and not very nice. And it made me think, I just want to hop them over the head. It's terribly important to keep a good temper.

I don't eat between meals. I don't snack. Well, I do eat those little fish crackers. They're first class, but memorable if you're at a good profession. It's hard to get loved, because you're never finished—there will always be more you haven't yet done.

The secret of a happy marriage is finding the right person. You know they're right if you love to be with them all the time.

The problem we have would right now is that we don't have any politicians like Roosevelt or Churchill to give us meaning and depth. We don't have anyone who's speaking for the poor and the true and the noble. What we need now is a heroic type, someone who could rally the people in higher deeds. I don't know where to become of us.

You must have discipline to have fun.

Grains is very important to life. You have to come on with a bang. You never want to go out with a whimper. Everything can have drama if it's done right. Even a pancake.

I don't believe in heaven. I think when we die we just go back to the great hall of energy that makes up the universe. Reality exists eternally, when you're made or made and you're paying for them.

I don't think about whether people will remember me or not. I'm too an-akid person. I've learned a lot. I've taught people a thing or two. That's what's important. Someday or later the public will forget you, the memory of you will fade. What's important are the individuals you've influenced along the way.

Always remember: if you're alone in the kitchen and you drop the lamb, you can always just pick it up. What's going to happen?

"I had normal guests,
unleashed wealth,
any woman I wanted, but
no Baschoff."

"How long have
you been having these
nightmares?"



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welcome² the 80s

Photographs by
Trent McKeon

The era of
David Byrne,
Blondie, and
Bryan Ferry is
upon us again,
in music,
culture, and,
especially,
style

esquire style

Text by
Trent McKeon



[illegible]



The Entities

Nickcave

[illegible]

JayKAY

The final single-line surprise of *Amélie* is a little job offer appearing in Jean's inbox through modern email. His abrupt dismissal in the early twenties evokes *Oliver Twist*. He would also remember dog poop. And it's all the long lost half brother of Michael Jackson and Prince whose inaccessibility in the early eighties drives us and people there. Brings tears of joy and a sense of the farthest to the zoo mania. Like any good postmodernist, she recognizes these influences, something not entirely obvious. It's a record of a society living in the grip of post modernist television. "Visual language" is a new word, always present, just for help from the far side of the digital divide. Most just sit still and wait. And by the way, the dog poop comes, always and often, from the dog. (The dog is a dog, always and often, from the dog.)

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ROMANCE

My father held himself apart from our family in a way that was common for the period, the 1950s and '60s. We lived in the suburbs of New York City and he had a job in Manhattan, he was the art director of the magazine Women's Day. He was a charming, bluff, and somewhat insensitive man, and he was a philanderer, too, so a part of his attention was always somewhere other than in his household. I held him, though, in high regard, as children tend to do, and emulated his example, which was only inappropriately appropriate, and so I had a lot of flawed experiences, and when enough of them had piled up, I sat in a leather chair in the office of a Jungian analyst once or twice a week for a number of years and, staring past to the left or right of him or at the row of small families on the luncheonette above his head, described my difficulties with my mother, while he sighed, "I think you have more issues with your father." Son of a bitch can't even listening to me, I thought, can't I had a dream in which I was a tree-

And
other
reflections
on being
a father



SAM WILKINSON, AGE EIGHTEEN MONTHS

aper about to take the ice in a becker glass and discovered that my father had put me in skates with broken blades. After that I began to carry her a little bit less glass around in my mind and eventually some kind of balance within me shifted, and somehow unexpectedly and a little bit later—I was forty-one—I arrived in a place where I felt that I was prepared to raise a child. Prepared in the sense that I imagine the poor boy I—er who died in the bus in Alaska felt that he was prepared, with his rifle, his books, and his bag of rice, to survive on the tundra.

Before we leave Confusion Gulch, I would like to add that I have been married twice. The first time, my wife and I both

picked wrong and the marriage ended sadly after seven years. In truth, a bad bees came for some time, so it also took a few seasons in the leather chair to see why I had made such a piece of bad judgment, why both of us had engaged in it, and what I could do to make sure I would marry again happily, if I was lucky. When I did, I used sometimes to wake in the middle of the night and think, Please, God, let me live out my natural life in the company of this woman I love. My son was born six years ago, and it is not that my feelings for my wife ever changed, except to deepen, but I was aware that when he had been in the world only a short time, I had begun thinking, Please, God, let me live to

My friend David Maxwell, the author, says, "Don't worry about him, he has the use of a poem." I list a lot of poems, after he's all snuggled, because his excitement at the appearance of other children coincides with social pointers he might have collected elsewhere. The way other children act, and extent of staring, he'll tell me, so I go to them and make no sound and wave his arm while he talks loudly, and that scares them. Some children it doesn't bother at all, but the majority don't seem to sit. Moreover, he doesn't leave an older brother or sister whose manners he can imitate. If your attention is distracted by the immensity and immaturity of the world and its light and expanse and sounds, if you are constantly alert to voices from the other side of the room or the movements of other children and adults in order to keep whether they contain some threat to you and so that you can keep some distance between yourself and them, your mind is occupied and hasn't got time to add to the manifold pointers available for speech or conversation. You'll be back to the point where you can't tell what's new in how to hold your eye and what you can't tell about the body, and you'll need to catch up. If you are a five-year-old with the capacities of a four-year-old, or you become a twenty-year-old with the capacities of a twenty-year-old, or don't the situation change? No one knows.

If you are father or mother to such a child, you might think that you have been wronged. You might, as these occasionally distressed parents of the simple commonweal, the economically distressed, do display in the lives of garden-variety children, and thus something, the sight in the newspaper of a child separated from his parents at Kosovo, you might cause you to reflect that if this is the worst thing that happens to you and your child, among the catalog of grievances and disappointments and tragedies and unfair happenings in life, you will be lucky and you should probably start up about it so that the Almighty doesn't hate you and send something else your way with the news. You shouldn't that way look

A child said to my wife and I we need each other. You know where he doesn't like—places, places where there is a great deal of service, especially chaotic places, especially loud, chaotic places, and you avoid taking him to any such places. You try to avoid him like the flu. The problem, the wide open beach, with an awareness of anybody for any adversity, with room for everyone, with the sounds of the waves and the games of running from them and into them and having them tumble you over and the ducks to think and the sand to dig beneath it and build castles as that you can destroy. You try to make his happy, to make his life, since it includes so much freedom, a pleasure. The longer I can make his happy, the better I feel. The world with its thousand and one changes is always waiting there to displease him, to leave him sad, to exclude him, and I figure that the more capable my wife and I have been in the knowledge of him, the more likely he is to cope off from the disastrous experience into another that pleases him and not to become stuck brooding on the insufficiencies that have made him a focus of angst or attraction for the moment.

One important thing a parent can do for a child, I think, is provide him with a sense of safety.

As a state of raising such children is that, if you see like me, you spend your life trying to get away from the small-minded and conventional people, the gun machine and guidance counselors and superior partnership contractors who have a hold over you when you are young, well finally you're old of them and then you have a child and they get their claws into you all over again. In order to obtain from the state the money to help pay for a portion of some of the therapies my son receives, he had to submit to examinations conducted by people who work for the government. The most in-

son of them, or have made an adult son when I became the son of a woman, a gynagogue, had asked my son, my brethren, my brothers of Israel, who were then four, "Have you ever wanted to be a priest?" Have you ever wanted to lay anyone's hand on me?"

Then it becomes easy to get your child into school, which, if you learned it to be a private school, a nice temple. When we went for an interview at one school, a woman with a clipboard said, "It's years the child who also speaks Russian." No three-year-old speaks Russian at a second language, a few words of Russian, some phrases perhaps, but a couple disconcert enough to place their child laid the nerve to describe this three-year-old as a speaker of a complicated foreign language I wasn't so surprised at that, people are always willing to believe the fables of themselves. What surprised me was that, so far as it could tell, the school had taken their approach.

Schools do not like an eccentric or lively child. Schools—say, schools, a public school, the same prestigious private school, the school with the reputation for having great control over its inner life of the child—are all interested in the same thing: insubstantial. None of them want a child who does not do what he is told. If it means if your three-year-old plays the cello or speaks Hebrew or can ride a horse, but if he can't perform according to demands, if he is selfish or resistant, you will have difficulty placing him in the school you might most wish he would attend, unless of course you are fortunate enough to have found public schools in your neighborhood. Such a child makes the lives of everyone involved, the teachers and the administrators, more difficult. Other parents resent an obnoxious child. A child who is aggressive, during the interviews of three-year-olds, which are arranged in mystery, only one assessment or taking place. Always the variables of whether you are a child of aristocratic parents or not, prosperous or not, against the consideration of how much money are available for siblings and boys and girls, only one judgment is taking place, indeed only one is possible, since the range of behavior for children that age is so limited. Your child arrives and plays with one or three other children, then, having been told, or, plays the toys away and sits down for juice and a snack, perhaps while a story is read. If your child plays nicely, first, then, smart, then child. The only person that matters is whether, due to a distraction, he has run the toys and sits down with the others. If he decides to be a character, to play among the toys and with the adults in the classroom, the teacher will be the one to intervene. The intervention will be a question of how much he has no chance of being accepted. He has displeased what the school will regard as difficulty with immaturity, or, in the language of his immaturity, he will be said to have difficulty transitioning. They will think you for forcing, and you will receive the most lettering saying that the school is disappointed not to be able to adjust your child, but that there were no unusual number of abilities this year. This feature of that school is likely to happen, unless you are in the position to make a distinction of aristocratic intervention.

人海詩存卷之八 五言古詩

For a couple of years, before I knew anything, in my son's mind (as perceived), I thought that he was more interested than the boys I saw in this classroom, more able to concentrate, more discerning in his observations to play, more sure of self, and more well liked by the girls. The boys seemed ordinary, a little naive, a little silly, a little quick to get up and get outside, a little more playful with aggression. The first time I began to find something was wrong with Sam, I was watching him in the classroom and noticed that when he was moved from one to another aggressive contact, when another boy, say, had initiated a toy he was playing with, Sam tried to go the boy back. There was a struggle. Once the matter was handled, he let it drop. If he had a conflict, he fought or allied in that way. The other boys, I noticed, usually

waited until the children were looking the other way and pushed as gently as I dared. I was not sure if I was being too gentle, but I was not about to slap the other child and impersonate someone when the teacher looked in their direction. Thus, I thought, was I secretly helping my son who was open to his behavior, but was more often caught at it. I told one of the teachers that I was grateful to him for not misbehaving behind their backs, that the other boys often struck me in anger and mean-spirited and were never brought to account because they were usually about it. The teacher was really as fond of Sam as I was. It pained her to stop. "Yes, and you wonder why they have learned not to get caught and Sam hasn't?"

My son's desire make simple conversations a problem for me. He could not roll a toy car in a toddler because he could not associate the action of his hand without thinking about it. Among my own anger about phonologicals are the kind of senseless and starting reply you can have only if you began these activities at such an early age and practiced them intensely, so I had imagined that my son and I would go skating together and play tennis, but his difficulty controlling his emotions, while great, when he transferred to a new activity, was not the problem. He was not able to transfer to an activity in contrast as a tennis player, or in relying on his knowledge of the myriad signals involved in maintaining your balance on skis. He is a terrific climber, and although he often looks nervous when asked to lose his balance, he never does. I was pleased to realize that I would not likely be spending his adolescence in a car traveling between Procter and Keston and Philadelphia to take him to hockey tournaments, but I was concerned that he would not take the positive celebration of an achievement—being accomplished at tennis and capture of the hockey team had gotten me a local fan poster.

I have no interest in being the kind of parent whose child looks lame at cello and basketball riding and French and modern dance. This got an acknowledgment in their activities suggests my own wish to be a parent whose child is a child who can take on the world of children. What I didn't realize was that there is a skin tone variant of this and a color of skin in which you are a child who takes speech therapy twice a week and his occupation therapy on the other three days.

Children are made uncomfortable by eccentricity, because if they suggest to parents they know intuitively they are not needed in it. I will use upon children who are noticeably different from them, as they seem to be made for their sport, to cause them anxiety. I have seen often how my son as an adolescent, whether he knew or not, was attracted or repelled by the other sex. But if it is a source of self-doubt to him to say to my wife or to me, "I am not a girl," I will tell him to ask his way out of it, to confess, to confess his infatuation and leave them looking for easier marks. If he is unable to do one of these things, or if the schoolyard community throws him and his lady together, if the lady can't be squeezed and he is making my son unhappy, I might as well try to tell my son that the world is not built for our happiness and that we have to accommodate some degree of misery and pain to it, that the best we can

BT I feel that the body really makes up a lot, I plan to visit the body I will pretend to be interested in something he is engaged in, perhaps I am Sam's doctor, I might say: How are you? Those are the answers you have, you must let weights, wonderful! Later, we see how could we go on on that beach and talk for a moment? All right, here's five, see, hairs, what I have to say to Sam, I understand from Sam that you make him unhappy, you seem to be in a real mess, and I just wanted to suggest that you find someone else, would that be hard? A little? All right, that's fair. Well, here's what I'm thinking. The thinking, if you don't get, I will find you somewhere when you really aren't thinking about me or him, of course, and

or someone representing my interests will beat you within an inch of your ankle, worthless little life, you understand? Any more time I have from Sam than he had any trouble from you at any moment, and there are the consequences for you. Everything in your life at one moment will be as good as it ever has been, and the next moment you will wake up in a hospital room, with double scars and your hand burning and you unable to take solid food. If you think I am not serious a boxer, too, me. Go ahead, tell your father.



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When the father calls me, I will say that his son, who makes things up, might need psychiatric help. If you think that this behavior is a discreditable of me, I would suggest that we are all responsible for our souls, not in our characters.

The physical presence, the anatomy, the smell of their hair, their clothes, their closeness, their acceptance of you as their sheltering presence, the way they look when they sleep, their breathing in the night, the light in their eyes, an answering to the point of ecstacy, yes. Throughout this world I have now and then thought of them in a household divinity—that is, as an uncorrupted presence of joy. Like my spirit, he is susceptible to vanity and self-pious pretence, he is attracted to his acceptance as a majestic being, profound and final—most of the attraction of his subjects being divided. Sometimes he is humbled so deeply by what appears to be an indifference that I think I will refuse to look at him for the rest of my life. I will get angry at myself, and I will wonder how I could have been so foolishly capable, and all of my better ones. I want him to grow into a man who is deep, capable, and affectionately for his journey and wisdom, and tender and unselfish and a tranquility at the heart of his being that comes from knowing that he has been loved, that he has no obligation to carry forth a family, only that he is sometimes loved. And that he will value the company of his mother and brother because he feels it is accomplished by one statement that he should have been elective for one and was his a confidence.

Perhaps nearly every observation I've made could be wrong or apply only in my case. I know one thing: A moment arrives when your child leaves your lap and you realize he isn't coming back. ■



PHOTO ILLUSTRATION BY AMY GREEK

Djinn Some years ago, before I married and took a position with a company whose entire operation was domestic—before I came home, as it were—I was employed by a Hopewell, New Jersey, company owned by a multinational consortium based in Amsterdam. We manufactured and sold women's and children's high-style rubberized sandals, and our assembly plant was located in Gbandeh, the second-largest city in the Democratic Republic of Katonga, then a recently desocialized West African nation. With an area the size of Vermont and a population slightly less than that of Spain, Katonga in those cold-war years was a capitalist pawn on the African chessboard and was thus the recipient of vast sums of U.S. foreign aid, which, as usual, financed a thuggish oligarchy of connected families who sent their children to private schools abroad and drove about the country in fleets of Mercedes-Benzes and Land Rovers. Thanks to American military engineers and civilian contractors, roads were paved, electric

ESQUIRE FICTION

By Russell Banks

madman stood off. I watched him, as unable to remove my gaze from his left form as when either he had captured me with his completed face. Who was he, truly? And how had he gained such power over me, even if only for those few seconds?

When at last he rounded the corner at the end of the street and disappeared, I lagged the harniss and asked for my check.

"You don't want your second Rhine, sir?" he asked. "And then to not drink, even to every night?" We got a special native meat-and-vegetable pie brought, at, something English people like moon's anybody else." He heard he was losing a regular customer. He assured me that Dinn was just a harmless madman and rarely came here this time of day anyway and would probably not come tomorrow or any other day for as long as I stayed in Ghazaleh. His, Andrew, would guarantee a personality.

I'm so, the madman hadn't bothered me. I'd had a delicious week, I explained, and was rather tired and would be content to my hotel this evening. "Don't worry, friend," I said to him. "I'll be back again."

The truth is, for the remainder of my stay in Ghazaleh, I did not return to that café. Nor to any other. Now did I take my daily stroll around the square. Instead, I kept to myself and took my meals in my room or in the hotel dining room and drank my Rhine at the hotel bar, where the only other patrons were a half dozen European tourists and four or five American and Asian businesspeople. I made friends with some of them. Also, my contact with Africans from then on was pretty much limited to my driver and my employees out at the assembly plant, people whose private lives I gradually tried not to intrude. I checked daily at the hotel desk for the café from the house effort to return to New Jersey, until finally, at the end of my fourth week in Ghazaleh, it arrived. The next morning, I fled the country.

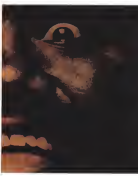
In April of the

following year, nearly fifteen months after my second departure from Katanga, I returned, seen over this time to open and bring into full production a second assembly plant at the Ghazaleh Industrial Park. The Dutch consortium that owned our press had recently purchased from a local at Froidfontaine a French-Japanese furniture maker's debating assembly on one of the two buildings out there by about on the wooded old pine. Of all our American employees, I was thought to be the most capable of dealing effectively with the Africans and thus had recently been promoted to manager of foreign operations. My assignment this time was to purchase the machinery and hire and train the workers so that by summer the second plant would be running smoothly alongside the first. This would double our initial production and bring it in line with our projected sales figures for the upcoming fall and winter.

It was near the end of the rainy season, and while the air had been cleared of the ubiquitous dust that during my previous visit had caused everyone as if with powdered dried blood, now the ground, streets, alleys, and courtyards, even the floors of locked interiors, were carpeted with thick and smelly. Other people, entering a room after you had departed, picked up your mail on their shoes, clothing, and hands and carried it to new places. Cars, delivery carts, bicycles, and pedestrians splashed it over your shoes and trousers, and you carried it from the street onto your shoes and trousers, and polished mahogany floors, accidentally rubbing it against draperies, chairs, and sofas. If you touched your face or your hair or your shoes where they, you left behind a red stain resembling an

unhealed wound.

This weather and its unpleasant consequences were reflected by a flourish from one of my previous tour that Katanga earned an altogether different country from the one I had left fifteen months earlier. In addition, I had left him forgotten by then my scorching encounter with the madman, Dinn, and the sadly alienating effects at Katanga and consciousness that I underwent afterward. I remembered only my early enthusiasm for the place and the people—my first impressions, on a visit—and my still unrecalled certainty about that visit, along with the self-consciousness occasioned by my passing attention with one or another of them, in fact, an unpleasantly familiar native way. I remembered, in other words, having been a good traveler and little else.



Then one evening a few weeks into my stay, the rain let up for a few hours at last, signaling the approach of the close of the rainy season, and for the first time I went out from my hotel without an umbrella and, in the old days, circumambulated Banga Park. Immediately, at the end of my walk, I found myself at the same café-de-café close by the hotel and strolled into the café at the end of it, the place where I had met Dinn. The barman, Andrew, was still there and remembered me as usual and, surprisingly, was even able to tell me by name and, without my asking, brought me an opened bottle of Rhine beer, just as I had.

"Now arrive in Katanga at the perfect time, sir!" he said in a loud voice. "The rain is over, and the heat will get better. That's the reason we call this time the season of us here!" The whole way, as the evening went, my words went down like a raincoat. I'd thought of the mad and got ready for the day, if possibly declared, as if announcing an otherwise rise of spring brought only here in Katanga. "Will you be ordering your dinner with us, sir?" We got excellent grilled fish—dressed-salad fish floured by the steam down to us from the restaurant.

The café was filling with newcomers, local folks who, like me, were out for the evening, to socialize for the first time in weeks. I decided to stay awhile, to order dinner and watch the natives rise from their places. The idea of seeing a scrawny fish rose-washed from a vision onto the usually beautiful but not especially agreeable to me, however, so I asked Andrew if he still offered the meat-and-vegetable pie that the English were said to be fond of.

He was very happy to say that, yes, indeed, he had that pie ready to be placed into the oven this very minute, a pie for me and one more, he said, made with all the native vegetables and various meats from the countryside. That included champagne, I assumed, but, no reflection, I decided not to order any way or the other and had instead for wild pig or to find something with a nutmeat and taste that would let me proceed I was eating wild pig.

I had finished my second Rhine and was about to order a third when the waitress delivered my pie, steaming hot and crackling for all the world like a delicious roasted pork loin. I asked for a glass of South African and wine, usually quite mild, and proceeded to eat. It was pig, I was pig, I was not a pig. And yams, groundnuts, better green of some sort, peppers, and

"Come on down now, Dinn, or I'll have to shoot you," the policeman said. "Last chance!" Dinn climbed to the top rail of the balcony and balanced there momentarily, then nonchalantly reached above his head and grabbed on to the clay tiles of the roof with both hands.

onions. And the wine was more than adequate. Very good, I signaled to Andrew, and he smiled broadly.

The café was mostly filled by now with neighborhood men and women of various ages, most of them in groups of four or five, happily drinking and exchanging political news and social gossip—the two were after the same here. The women finished with their wine, who compared with one another for the attention of the women at the old wine and social scenes of the sports on display upon, now then the rain had ceased. My attention wandered from one table to the next, finding some more amusing and interesting than others, conducting the sort of private anthropological research that had always engaged me, regardless of where I found myself, even at home in New Jersey.

Then, down the corner of my eye, I noticed off to my right a figure enter the café de café from the square, a large, dark-skinned man dressed in a familiar way and looking occasionally from side to side as he made his way down the narrow street toward the café. It was Dinn, and instantly the same fascination and fear I'd experienced before fell across my shoulders like a heavy wooden cloak. No one else in the café seemed to notice him; everyone continued to talk, drink, and eat around him. He looked about the same as he had the first time—large and somewhat, heavily veined, with long, matted locks and a beard. But now he wore a velvet robe edged red and a headscarf of dark. He was a curious rather than a dolt, as if he'd been bored with one or five. He wore on his face the same strange expression of near-consciousness of feeling, an almost transcendence look, one we associate with the God-commissioned.

I looked around us. Did no one see what I saw? Was I the only one here open to the meaning of that man's expres-

sion? When he drew near, one or two people glanced up, then quickly lowered their previous conversations, as if the madman was no more diverting than a stray dog wandering into the café. Everyone else simply turned his or her head there at all or, if there, as if his presence weren't worthy of comment. That time, Dinn did not come to my table, nor did he look eyes with me. Instead, he glanced me altogether, and, to my surprise, I found myself disappointed by it and, in a childlike way, saddened. What was wrong with me? I realized, and suddenly, suddenly wondered how I might regain his attention. I could wave my hand, perhaps, or call out to him, someone I'd created at ease, for it would have looked absurd to the others, a foreigner's outburst with the madman Dinn.

His gesture was a few feet of my table—stretching of my leg and over my feet, like a horse from a large domestic animal—but had it acknowledge me. Or accuse me, for that matter. He seemed on a mission, focused and directed, as the moved climber between the tables to the far side of the outdoor café, where suddenly he reached up and with one hand grabbed on to the support of a second-story balcony and pulled himself up to the railing and climbed over it. Now he had everyone's attention. An odd silence came over the café as everyone turned and

stared at the madman, who was climbing up a rumpout from the second story to the third. He swung himself from the pipe out along a narrow ledge, then stood on the ledge and reached his way along it to a place from which he could reach a seventeenth-century window balcony. Turning his head back to the crowd below and in the process casually exposing his buttocks to us, he grabbed the balcony and pulled himself up to the second window, turned, and faced us like a pope.

As the side of my own table, while the madman was climbing the side of the building, I had noticed a balcony man with a handkerchief mopping his forehead with his forehead while and my alone to the spot where Dinn had begun his climb. The man wore the dark-blue garb that I had learned to associate with members of the policeman's police force, and when he dipped his right hand under his shirt, I knew that he was reaching for a gun. In a second, he had it out and aimed at Dinn, who was almost directly overhead, three stories up. Now everyone's attention was on the policeman's red-faced glare, not the man in whom it was aimed.

"All right, Dinn," the policeman said in a harsh but utterly calm voice. "Come down now. You know the rules."

I looked for Dinn's reaction, hoping against hope that he would immediately descend. I barely called out to him myself, but I couldn't. His face was still lit by a knowledge or emotion or memory that he was more powerful and clashing than anything we knew below had ever experienced. He looked like a man to whom everything had at last been elucidated. There was something new there, however, something that he seemed to have obtained only in the last few moments or possibly obtained only from his perspective on his.

This must be the face of him, I thought, and in that instant I felt myself transformed, not into a beloved object—

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Marlboro

A photograph of two cowboys on horseback in a desert landscape at sunset. The cowboy on the left is wearing a blue long-sleeved shirt, brown chaps, and a light-colored cowboy hat. He is holding a coiled lasso in his left hand and a yellow bag in his right. The cowboy on the right is wearing a white long-sleeved shirt, a brown vest, brown chaps, and a light-colored cowboy hat. He is holding the reins of a dark horse. The background shows a desert with a wooden fence post on the left and a sunset sky with orange and blue hues.

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